

FIFTY CENTS *

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**Come up to the Kool taste.
Taste extra coolness
every time you smoke.**



THE ELECTRIC TIMEX. YOU DON'T WIND IT UP. YOU TURN IT ON.

From now on, you will never have to wind your watch again—if your watch is an Electric Timex. A tiny, replaceable energy cell does all the work, providing steady electric accuracy week after week, month after month, for more than a year of carefree time. The man's Electric is waterproof*, dustproof*, and shock-resistant. From \$39.95. The lady's Electric—the first of its kind in the whole world—is convenient, uncomplicated, and simply beautiful. From \$50. Isn't it time you wore one?

*as long as crystal, crown and case remain intact.



NEW CATALYST PLANT GETS CRACKING WITH CRANE

Manufacture of zeolite cracking catalyst for petroleum processing is a new field for the Minerals & Chemicals Division of Engelhard Minerals & Chemicals Corporation. The venture required a new plant at Attapulgus, Georgia... a highly automated operation with a number of flow control problems Crane helped solve.

They needed a lot of pumps, to handle a wide range of liquids—acids, caustics, oil, refrigerated water, wash water—and they hoped to get them from a single source and realize substantial economies. They did. Crane delivered 27 AVS pumps and three general purpose end suction centrifugal pumps.

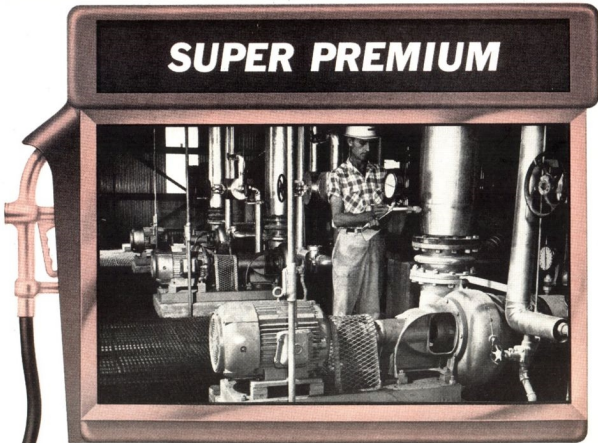
And the economies don't stop with delivery. Maximum interchangeability of Crane AVS com-

ponents assure maintenance savings and reduced inventory requirements. Maintenance is further simplified by Crane's back pull-out feature. The complete rotating assembly with packing box cover and impeller is easily removed without disturbing piping or driver.

Now everything is flowing smoothly for the Minerals & Chemicals Division. Chances are, your operation is different. There's a message for you here anyway. If your problem concerns flow and its control, a call to Crane Co. at 300 Park Avenue, New York City, could help you handle it with greater ease, safety and economy.

CRANE

SUPER PREMIUM





East meets West! The place: Tokyo's famous Chinzanso Restaurant, where you can barbecue right at your table — chopstick-style!

Japan.

Come with us across the Pacific and meet your neighbors in Japan. They're practically "next door" on Northwest. In fact . . . they're up to 8 hours closer.

We're the one airline that flies to Tokyo nonstop from Seattle. (We make the trip in less than half a day.)

So, we don't think of Japan as being "Far East" anymore.

Instead, we say, "It's Not-So-Far East on Northwest."

Come see for yourself. We'll have you there before you know it.

In the land of temples and teahouses, kimonos and mini-dresses, sake and scotch-on-the-rocks. Where business is

booming, the Beatles are blaring, and everyone bows and says, "Domo."

Take your pick:

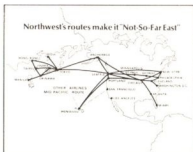
Tokyo or Osaka. We fly to both places. And from either one, it's just a short jaunt to Nagoya, Nara, Kobe — and colorful Kyoto.

We've got new low fares, too. Example: just \$684* round-trip to Tokyo from Seattle. This makes our "Not-So-Far East" something else. Not-so-expensive!

Your neighbors in Japan are waiting. And so are we. So why not talk to your travel agent.

Because now you know. It's Not-So-Far East on Northwest.

*Plus tax



Northwest flies to Japan from more U.S. cities than any other airline. (9, in all.) 23 flights a week to choose from.

It's Not-So-Far East on Northwest.



Our readers have us right where you want them

At home. That's where our audience of over 26 million adults performs best. TV Guide has higher in-home adult readership (88.3%) than any other mass magazine.

And it's readership that carries from our editorials, reviews, commentary, programming and news right through the advertising pages. For the past six years, ad dollars have produced more readership in TV Guide magazine than in any other mass weekly, biweekly or monthly.

Considering all this—plus the great ad frequency your dollars buy in TV Guide—you should have us right where we'd like to be: on your ad schedule.



Sources: Current Simmons and Starch Adnorms.

Are you one of the many Scotch drinkers who secretly think Scotch tastes terrible?

Scotch drinkers are a rapidly growing breed. Yet many people drink Scotch because it's "social". Despite the taste. Not people admiring Grant's. They've acquired an educated taste for Scotch. That's why they've graduated to the taste of Grant's...a burnished blend of magnificent 8-year-old smoothies like Balvenie, Glenfiddich, and other superb Scotches. As long as you're up, get Grant's. It tastes desirably of Scotch the whole drink through.

Grant's drinkers think Scotch tastes wonderful.



Age before beauty

(This bare steel paints itself)



Most buildings look their best when they're spanking new, but here's one that is growing better-looking every day. Its skin of bare USS COR-TEN Steel has weathered over the months to a warm, earthy dark brown color. The longer this USS-innovated steel ages, the better it will look.



As it weathers, USS COR-TEN Steel forms a dense, textured oxide coating that doesn't flake or peel, and protects the steel underneath against further corrosion.



Bare COR-TEN Steel is used for everything from skyscrapers to bell towers because of its natural beauty. It is used in industry, too, to fight atmospheric corrosion.



Outside maintenance costs for this library will be minimal, because bare USS COR-TEN Steel "paints" itself. The oxide coating even

heals itself if it is scratched. For more information, write U. S. Steel, Room 4515, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

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United States Steel: where the big idea is innovation

We've got plenty of nothing.



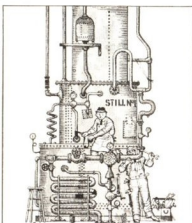
Over two million acres of nothing. Beautiful, empty land ready for development. With cheap power, water, skilled labor. Northern Pacific can help you. Confidentially.

Let's get specific. You don't need two million acres. You want one site. The best site. Based on all the facts. Like the cost of power and water. Location of raw materials. Information about labor. Zoning. Taxes. Sources of possible financing help.

The NP has that information. Our men living all along the line deal with these facts every working day. So call us. Most every major city has an NP representative. Call the nearest one. Or contact George Powe, General Manager, Properties and Industrial Development Dept., Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn. 55101. Telephone 612-222-7773.

This is the way to run a railroad. This is the way we run the Northern Pacific.





We spend
most of
our time
looking
after
Old No. 1

We spend most of our time patching up our old No. 1 brandy still. We'd replace it in a minute, but the experts can't guarantee us that new equipment would make a brandy that measured up to our reputation. So we're not only proud of that reputation—we're stuck with it.

Korbel Brandy



KORBEL FINE CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNES AND 80 PROOF BRANDY
F. KORBEL AND SONS, INC., DUENESVILLE, CALIFORNIA

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 22

KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).^{*} Dinah Shore, Ray Charles, Johnny Mercer and the Everly Brothers twanging away at "The Nashville Sound."

Thursday, November 23

THANKSGIVING DAY PARADES (CBS, 10 a.m. to noon). Arthur Godfrey (in Toronto), Bess Myerson and Mike Douglas (New York), Jack Linkletter and Marilyn Van Derbur (Philadelphia) and Fran Allison (Detroit) give curbside comment on a medley of parades.

MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE (NBC, 10 a.m. to noon). From their vantage point in front of the world's largest department store, Lorne Greene and Betty White observe the giant balloons, bands and entertainers (including Radio City Music Hall's Rockettes) passing by.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE (CBS, noon to conclusion). The Los Angeles Rams v. the Detroit Lions, from Detroit.

N.C.A.A. FOOTBALL (ABC, 2-45 p.m. to conclusion). University of Oklahoma v. University of Nebraska, from Lincoln.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE (CBS, 6 p.m. to conclusion). The St. Louis Cardinals v. the Dallas Cowboys, from Dallas.

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11:15 p.m.). Cliff Robertson as Lieut. (j.g.) John F. Kennedy in *PT 109* (ABC).

Friday, November 24

TARZAN (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). This time it's Ethel Merman making her way through the jungle as leader of a religious sect that enlists Tarzan to guide them to the promised land in "Mountain of the Moon," Part 1.

SINGER PRESENTS HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Herb's brass rings out from mountain to shore as the group plays its hits on location in Southern California. Repeat.

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). "The Virtuoso Teacher" shows both aspects of Concert Violinist Joseph Fuchs's professional life: at work readying two of his Juilliard students for a music competition, and in concert with Yehudi Menuhin last summer at the Bath Festival.

Saturday, November 25

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Part 1, "People of War," focused on the village of Hoa Binh in South Viet Nam. Part 2, "People of War Revisited," takes a second look at the village nearly two years later to see whether its inhabitants' lives have improved and determine their current views on the war. Local times may vary with this program.

THE JACKIE GLEASON SHOW (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Away we go with Bing Crosby, Liberace, Alan King and George Kirby.

Sunday, November 26

LOOK UP & LIVE (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). The concluding segment of "Choice—the Imperative of Tomorrow" deals with the agonizing process of decision making on international, national, local and personal levels.

ISSUES AND ANSWERS (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Betty Furness, the President's Spe-

cial Adviser on Consumer Affairs, is questioned by newsmen.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE DOUBLE-HEADER (NBC, 2 p.m. to conclusion). The Boston Patriots v. the Houston Oilers in Houston, followed by the Buffalo Bills v. the Miami Dolphins in Miami.

SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). ABC presents its own production of *The Diary of Anne Frank*, with Diane Davila as Anne, supported by Max von Sydow, Lilli Palmer, Viveca Lindfors, Donald Pleasance, Theodore Bikel, Marisa Pavan.

Monday, November 27

THE FIRST ANNUAL ALL-STAR CELEBRITY BASEBALL GAME (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Leo Du-rocher's Celebrities (including Woody Allen, Bobby Darin, Steve Allen and Hugh O'Brian) take on Milton Berle's All-Stars (Willie Mays, Maury Wills, Don Drysdale, Jim Piersall and others) at Dodger Stadium. Jerry Lewis is sportscaster.

Check local listings for these NET specials:

A CONVERSATION WITH INGRID BERGMAN. Before heading for Broadway in Eugene O'Neill's *More Stately Mansions*, Miss Bergman talked with Los Angeles Times Critic Cecil Smith about her career; her past training, her current role, and parts she would like to play.

PUBLIC BROADCAST LABORATORY. A \$10 million experimental series dedicated to the proposition that noncommercial television can provide a meaningful alternative to commercial TV. PBL will program two hours of cultural and public affairs each Sunday night.

THEATER

On Broadway

HALFWAY UP THE TREE. Peter Ustinov, who wrote and directed this comedy, has chosen to view hippiedom as the social dawn of a new Jerusalem and hippies as long-haired Samsons of saintliness leaning against the temple of middle-aged, middle-class hypocrisy. Unfortunately, the quality of the humor in the story of a pukka Sahib general (Anthony Quayle) who out-hippies his neo-primitive offspring is as strained as the plot.

MORE STATELY MANSIONS. Eugene O'Neill wanted the uncoordinated, lengthy manuscript of this play destroyed. Somehow a copy survived, and has been subjected to the surgery of José Quintero, who manages to make the great U.S. dramatist appear as inept as a summer-stock apprentice. As a husband, wife and mother fencing for one another's love, Arthur Hill, Colleen Dewhurst and Ingrid Bergman all appear lost in a disenchanted forest.

THE LITTLE FOXES. With Director Mike Nichols at the helm, Lincoln Center has launched a revival of Lillian Hellman's 28-year-old saga of a Southern family who snarl and claw their way toward a rich hound. A galaxy of a cast, including Anne Bancroft, Richard Dysart, E. G. Marshall and George C. Scott, give gilded performances.

ROSENCRANCE AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD might be called *Two Characters in Search of a Plot*. British Playwright Tom Stoppard takes his protagonists from the wings of the Globe and sets them stage center to wonder, with coruscating wit

^{*} All times E.S.T.

Before you can say "Christmas is coming," Christmas will be here. And last-minute gift-giving will be a problem.

So this year give the practically perfect gift. Give *TIME*, The Weekly Newsmagazine. And give it no time at all.

A few minutes with a pen and the adjacent card and your chores are ended. Family. Friends. Business associates. You name them and we will send them *all TIME*

for one full year for only \$8.50 per subscription. *TIME*'s regular annual rate is \$12.) And you won't receive your bill until after January 1, 1968!

Simply fill in and mail the attached card. That's all you have to do. We'll announce your gifts of *TIME* with a specially-designed Christmas card that's hand-signed with your name. In plenty of time for Christmas.



STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 7 & 10 YR.—86 PROOF • 12 YR.—100 PROOF • © OLD CHARTER DIST. CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.



English Dual Chimes Clock, Circa 1840. Strikes Whittington or Westminster chimes. From famous Old Charter Collection.

Tick-tock... tick-tock... the Bourbon that didn't watch the clock... many long years!



Rarer than rare! Time-honored Old Charter is now available in limited editions of smooth 10 years old, and robust 12 years old Bottled-in-Bond. If you know fine bourbon, you'll welcome the rare quality that only extra age gives to an excellent whisky.

We follow two rules in making Old Charter. We start with the finest whisky obtainable. Then we give it extra long years of aging in the cask. That's why Old Charter has the smooth, clean taste that makes it Kentucky's Finest Bourbon. Isn't it time you treated yourself to the best?



OLD CHARTER

Kentucky's Finest Bourbon

7 years old—approximately \$6.95 a fifth
10 years old—approximately \$7.50 a fifth
12 year Bottled-in-Bond—approximately \$8.95 a fifth
Local taxes and prices may vary by state

With a famous name for lighters, how can Ronson get a name for making great appliances?

Develop men's cordless razors guaranteed to shave close as a blade.

World's thinnest stainless steel shaving screen lets Ronson guarantee shaves close as a blade or money back.† Up to a week of shaves between charges. \$44.95.*



Shape a ladies' cordless shaver to a lady's hand.

First cordless shaver styled exclusively for women. Two cutting systems; for legs, underarms. Long, tapered for easy reach. \$37.95.*



Invent a better cordless electric toothbrush.

At 11,000 strokes a minute, it's unsurpassed in speed and power. Maintains steady speed throughout brushing. With rounded tip nylon bristles, it's gentle to gums. Children love to use it. \$24.95.*



†For prompt refund, guarantee requires that within 30 days, razor be returned with sales receipt, warranty card and nature of dissatisfaction to Ronson Corporation, Customer Service.

*Suggested retail prices.

Ronson makes appliances like nobody ever made them before.
(How else could we make a name for ourselves?)

RONSON

Winona Daily & Sunday News



Read all about it: a Phoenix agent replaced their 10 policies with 1.

The Winona [Minn.] Daily & Sunday News had a pressing problem. Ten insurance policies. That spelled complications. Red tape, extra clerical work, high costs. The newspaper's insurance program needed a good rewrite job.

Then an Agent from Phoenix of Hartford came into the picture with a scoop. He showed them our OMNI Policy — easily the most comprehensive commercial package policy available today. Result: one flexible policy, one agent with total responsibility. A 25% saving on premiums.

What's more, the Phoenix agent brings to the newspaper the services of the largest safety engineering organization of its kind in the country. Their aim: to point out risks and further reduce costs.

Call your Phoenix Agent today. Look him up in the Yellow Pages or write to us for his name. He'll give the Green Light on business insurance. That could mean good news for you.



**Phoenix
of Hartford**

INSURANCE COMPANIES OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
The Company that helps keep your business going.

and in spiritual desolation, who they are and what they are doing at Elsinore. Scintillating performances by Brian Murray and John Wood endow the evening with rousing theatricality.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY, by Harold Pinter, is a celebration of sinister non sequiturs, a nightmarish reunion between Stanley, a nasty cipher of a man (James Patterson) and two agents of torment (Ed Flanders and Edward Winters). A 1958 play, *Party* may not have as many sparks of significance as Pinter's later works, but it crackles with his lightning bolts of speech.

Off Broadway

THE TRIALS OF BROTHER JERO and **THE STRONG BREED**. Wole Soyinka, the foremost black African playwright, is being detained in a Nigerian jail, but his two one-acters have traveled well to Manhattan. *Brother Jero*, played with finesse by Harold Scott, is a delightful spoof of the self-declared prophets who hold ceremonies for their "customers" on the beach. *The Strong Breed* is more of a myth-play, delving into the realm of tribal taboos with the tale of a stranger who becomes a village's sacrificial scapegoat.

IN CIRCLES. Nothing happens in this 1920 play by Gertrude Stein, but it happens wonderfully well. Bound together by the free-ranging, eclectic music of Al Carmine, guru of Judson Poets Theater, *In Circles* is a word salad in mid-toss.

SCUBA DUBA. Bruce Jay Friedman constructs a comedy of offhand cruelty. Forcing his audience to laughter while smashing their shibboleths, Actor Jerry Orbach is a one-man implosion as a super neurotic who spends his Riviera holiday stalking around a chateau in his bathrobe, screaming maledictions through the night at mankind in general and his wife and her Negro lover in particular.

CINEMA

COOL HAND LUKE. A cocky prisoner (Paul Newman) becomes a hero to his fellow inmates by repeatedly escaping and indomitably refusing to knuckle under to sadistic guards.

MORE THAN A MIRACLE. A beautiful peasant girl (Sophia Loren) brazenly steals a horse from the handsome prince (Omar Sharif), gets herself a job making omelets in the palace kitchen, beats out seven princesses after a dishwashing contest, finally catches the prince and lives happily ever after in this utterly mindless but totally delightful fairy tale.

THE COMEDIANS. The title belies the inexorably arid and sere setting in which an excellent cast of villains and victims (Richard Burton, Peter Ustinov, Alec Guinness, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Ford) is touched by a vagrant grace.

WAIT UNTIL DARK. A blind woman (Audrey Hepburn), the nearly helpless victim of a trio of terrorists led by Alan Arkin, tries to even the score by removing all the light bulbs in her house but forgets the one in the refrigerator—with chilling results.

CAMELOT. Joshua Logan's re-creation of the fantasy land inhabited by King Arthur (Richard Harris), Queen Guinevere (Vanessa Redgrave) and Lancelot (Franco Nero) is about as enchanting as a Hollywood back lot, despite the regal talents and rich voice of the leading lady.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD. Director John Schlesinger and Screenwriter Frederic Raphael, who collaborated on

Oscar-winning *Darling*, now team to bring Hardy's brooding novel to the screen, with outstanding performances by Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Peter Finch and Terence Stamp.

BOOKS

Best Reading

ISRAEL JOURNAL JUNE, 1967 and **DEATH HAD TWO SONS**, by Yael Dayan. From the 28-year-old daughter of General Moshe Dayan comes an exhilarating chronicle of the Israeli victory over the Arabs and a tough-minded, unsentimental novel peopled by ghosts of the Hitler era.

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF ANDRÉ MAUROIS. In 38 tales framed as conversations, recollections and letters, the late distinguished partisan in the battle of the sexes takes a deep look at women who are either wise or foolish, vital or declining, in love or remembering what it was like.

THE YEAR 2000, by Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener. Two practitioners of the art of futurism consider what the world may be like 33 years hence.

MEMOIRS: 1925-1950, by George F. Kennan. During a crucial quarter-century of American-Russian relations, Diplomat Kennan was in official disfavor first for being "too harsh" toward the Soviets, then for being "too soft"; by hindsight, he was right more often than wrong.

THE SLOW NATIVES, by Thea Astley. A mod family in Brisbane meets its moral fate in this lively social satire by an Australian craftsman of the novel.

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER, by William Styron. The author's fourth novel, a powerful, timely and imaginative reconstruction of a Negro slave uprising in 1831, installs his name at the top level of contemporary writers.

ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION, by Will and Ariel Durant. This last volume of their 38-year labor, *The Story of Civilization*, is one more proof that the Durants are the most readable historians around.

Best Sellers

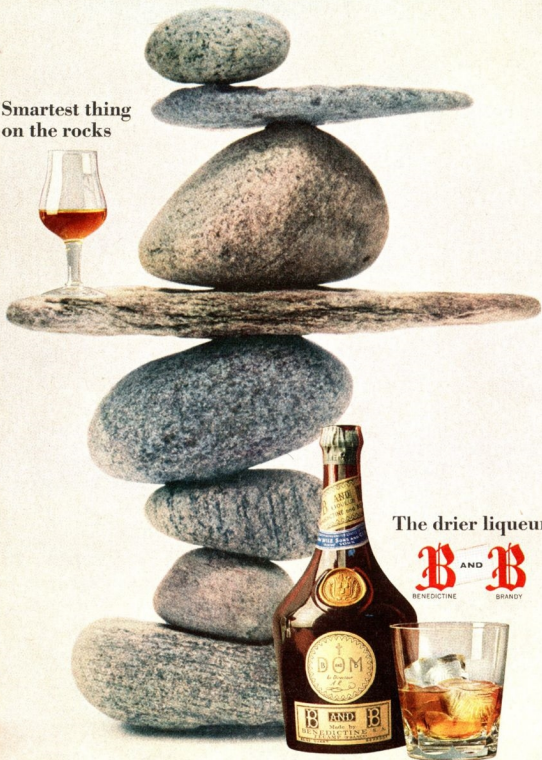
FICTION

1. *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, Styron (1 last week)
2. *The Gabriel Hounds*, Stewart (2)
3. *Topaz*, Uris (3)
4. *The Chosen*, Potok (4)
5. *Night Falls on the City*, Gainham (7)
6. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (6)
7. *A Night of Watching*, Arnold (8)
8. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (5)
9. *The Exhibitionist*, Sutton
10. *Christy*, Marshall (9)

NONFICTION

1. *Our Crowd*, Birmingham (1)
2. *Nicholas and Alexandra*, Massie (3)
3. *Twenty Letters to a Friend*, Alliluyeva (4)
4. *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith (2)
5. *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, Kavanaugh (5)
6. *Incredible Victory*, Lord (7)
7. *Anyone Can Make a Million*, Shulman (6)
8. *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*, Eisenhower (10)
9. *Too Strong for Fantasy*, Davenport (9)
10. *Rousseau and Revolution*, W. and A. Durant

Smartest thing
on the rocks



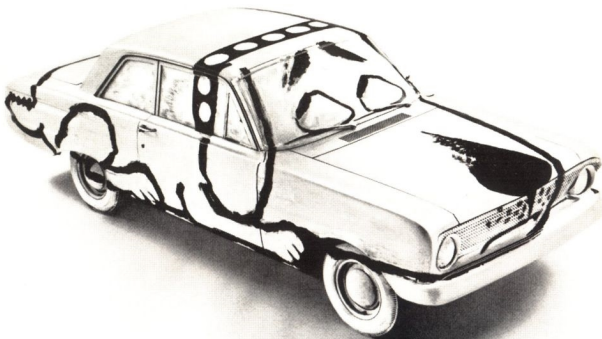
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B & B is the drier liqueur. Eloquent. Magnificent. The only proper blend of B & B is made and bottled in the abbey at Fecamp, France. That's where exquisite Benedictine is blended with superb cognac to produce the perfect B & B. Benedictine's own B & B. Always uniform. Always delicious. After coffee...enjoy B & B. Straight or on-the-rocks.

86 PROOF





Do you sometimes get the feeling they named your car after the wrong animal?

Aha!

So you've begun to discover the true nature of your beast.

So have a lot of other people. And you know what they've been doing? They've been trading them in on Volvos.

Lately, Volvo dealers have taken in more fish, fowl, felines and assorted other creatures than ever before.

That may be because the problems eating at animal-owners aren't problems with a Volvo.

The Care-of-the-Animal Problem. The Volvo engine doesn't need constant tuning to stay in tune. And it's known for its ability to stay out of repair shops. Sports Car Graphic Magazine called it: "one of the most reliable, rugged and unbreakable car engines being built today."

The Feeding-of-the-Animal Problem. Volvo gets nearly 25 miles to a gallon, even with automatic transmission.

The Hard-to-Handle-Animal Problem. The Volvo suspension is soft, without being sloppy. The steering is quick. Volvo handles more like a sports car than a roomy family sedan.

The Cramped-Inside-of-the-Animal Problem. The Volvo is compact outside, big inside. It has much more leg room than the largest-selling animal. And it's got a huge trunk.

The Noise-of-the-Animal Problem. The Volvo body is held together with over 8,000 spot welds. It's solid. And if it isn't rattle-proof, it certainly isn't rattle-prone.

The Short-Life-of-the-Animal Problem. Volvo lasts an average of eleven years in Sweden. And while we don't guarantee how long Volvos will last in America, we do know that over 95% of all those registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

As you can see, Volvo has very little in

common with any animal you're likely to meet up with.

Instead of costing you a fortune, it can save you one.

Just keep your Volvo a long time, get out from under car payments, and make the payments to yourself for a few years.

And if your friends ask why you no longer drive an animal, tell them you do.

A Piggy Bank.





The world doesn't need any more beautiful girls
who just stand there.

We are against the living doll
school of airline stewardesses.

The passenger who wants
his dinner, or a pillow, or an
answer about flight connec-
tions, or for that matter a dry
martini or a dry diaper, wants
to see somebody do something.

So our Stewardess College
takes almost 2 months (longer
than anybody else in the busi-
ness) just to teach a girl every-
thing that you might expect of
her on one flight across the
country.

We run American with the

frequent traveller in mind. Any
Travel Agent can tell you what
it takes to get fliers like this.

We can't afford the sweet
young thing who just stands
there, and we bring up our girls
on just that basis.

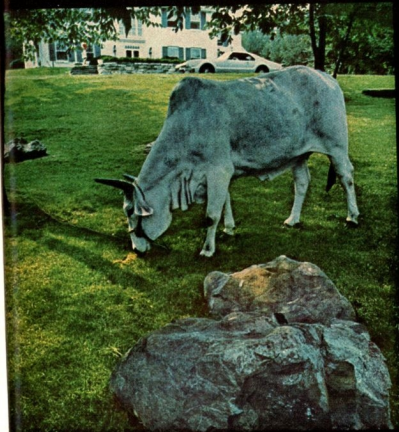
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Mosey on up.



Connecticut and Western Massachusetts.
Bully for us.

Up early, pouring it on while cactus
country's still snoozing.

47.6% greater rise in per capita spending
than the land of jingling spurs.

In short, more jingle, pardners.

With nuclear kilowatts itching to go.
Stampede, son! Send for the facts.

It's the place to be.



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HOLYOKE WATER POWER CO.
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NORTHEAST UTILITIES

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**Two wild new ways
to get that old feeling.**



Moody, mysterious Wild Moss.
Tart, tantalizing Dry Lime.
Bold new Skin Bracers created by
Mennen to come on strong.
They're as cool and comfortable
as the refreshing original.

Listen to the original Mennen theme "Brace Yourself" by Sid Ramin on  Records.

LETTERS

Better than Sugar

Sir: At a time when the Negro is extremely suspicious of all praise given him or to one of his peers, and overly sensitive that behind the "sugary" praise there lurks hidden meaning, let me congratulate you on your article [Nov. 17] about the newly elected mayors. Carl Burton Stokes of Cleveland and Richard Hatcher of Gary, Ind. This was indeed a splendid article and one which I felt to be very sincere. It brought out good points on both men, but the praise was not "sugar-coated." It was one of the few articles I have read on the Negro which was truly sincere, straightforward and unpretentious.

MARGARET JUSTICE

St. Albans, N.Y.

Sir: The Stokes victory clearly proves that it was the individual, not the name. His zest and vigor, coupled with his platform for office, won him many friendly votes.

(SP4) STEPHEN BREGSTONE

A.P.O. San Francisco

Sir: The minority group pulled a nifty trick in Cleveland. First it urged all voters to consider the Man rather than his Race. Then it went to the polls and voted 99% for Carl B. Stokes.

WALTER W. SEIFERT

Columbus

Sir: Sorry, but John Gardner is the Secretary of HEW. I'm the Secretary of HUD.

ROBERT C. WEAVER

Washington

That Soviet Society

Sir: Congratulations on the brilliant exposé on contemporary Communism [Nov. 10]. However, the total effect may lead your readers to believe that the Soviet Union is a diminishing threat to the security of the U.S. This is not so; the abandonment of the cocoon of the Marxist mystique of historical inevitability exposes only the giant moth of Russian nationalistic aggression—cunningly Stalinist. This contention is substantiated by a report in your NATION section. The identical "liberalized" Soviets who now espouse Libermanism and plan to triple their output of autos have secretly developed the Fractional Orbital Bombing System designed to thwart U.S. nuclear defenses. We cannot afford to fall into a false complacency when dealing with the Soviets. They have not yet proven any sincere desire to coexist.

A/IC JOHN J. NEUBERT

Duluth Air Base
Duluth, Minn.

Sir: I am not un-American, on the contrary, I am an admirer of the U.S. since 1947 working in the accounting department of a great American company. But I think the comparison between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. must not be made on the basis of the year 1967, but on the basis of the U.S. about 1870 and the U.S.S.R. 1967. On this basis you will find a striking similarity between the young U.S. and the young U.S.S.R.: in both countries violence (see Western films), slavery, poverty and log cabins. In the young U.S. was capitalism to place the cornerstone of the greatness and the liberty of a nation, using the slavery of the Negroes and the cheap labor of white

immigrants; now the poor Italians and Irishmen are independent and some of them rich and opulent men. I am sure the Negroes will be in the near future. In young U.S.S.R. Communism is to put the same cornerstone using the slavery of its own people.

A "great society" does not spring forth from the earth as a mushroom after a rain. It must struggle as an oak against wintry winds and dry spells. The Roman poet Lucretius, contemplating death depicting nature for the food of the living, in a verse full of melancholy says: "nature does not allow anything to be brought forth, if not helped by the death of another thing." and this is the same in the social and economic life of mankind.

STANISLAO CATTANEO

Rome, Italy

Sir: When I read the statement of William Griffith, professor of political science at M.I.T., "The current leaders have no moral authority. They are regarded by intellectuals as a combination of bureaucratic idiots and criminals. There is a terrible alienation from the government." I made a quick check on what country you were rambling on about. Save that little quote; it could serve as an appropriate filler under "The Nation" any week.

GERALD V. LITTEG

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Viewed From the Outside

Sir: You label as "atrociously tasteless" antiwar slogans such as **RUSK KILLS CHILDREN FOR PROFIT** and **RUSK—L.R.J.'S SECRETARY OF HATE** [Nov. 3]. Well, of course. What did you expect? How could any incantations regarding the U.S.'s slaughter and crippling of the Vietnamese people and nation be anything but atrociously tasteless?

JORGE E. TRISTANI JR.

San Juan, P.R.

Sir: I view the anti-Viet Nam and anti-draft protests with mounting apprehension. Do these people really know what they protest against? I wish they were with us in Czechoslovakia in 1945 when the people of that and other Eastern areas fled in utter panic before the occupying Russian troops. These people left behind all that had ever been their lives and their heritage to enter areas to be occupied by the Americans. Could we be such fearsome conquerors?

Why is it that today people forsake all, and risk their lives to leave East Ger-

many? Do the protesters feel that the people of Asia and the Pacific Islands could find peaceful cohabitation with a Communist government? If they can, why could not these others?

MRS. E. E. SPACKMAN

Riverside, Calif.

Sir: This "quiet American" has long been searching for a voice. How do I associate myself with the Citizens Committee for Peace with Freedom?

As the hippie poethead protesters cast off their panties and bras, I'd like to start rolling up my sleeves. Yours in LSD —Let's Save Democracy.

ROBERT J. HOCHSTATTER

Asunción, Paraguay

Sir: We Asians can only conclude that the American opposition to the war in Viet Nam is about as ridiculous as some Americans' sense of loyalty. Since when does a person have to fight fair in a war? And since when does a person go free when he is disloyal? You Americans! You have had freedom so long you have forgotten what that privilege really means. Come live with us in Asia and find out.

K. SATAK

Naha, Okinawa

Sir: As a Canadian veteran of W.W. II I am touched at the abuse being hurled at your Administration simply because they are trying to perform their duty in a nasty political situation in Viet Nam. How many European and British citizens care to recall who provided them with food, arms, supplies and ultimately armed forces to obtain freedom and liberty during two world wars. Not a single one of these so-called American allies, including Canada, have had the courage to send any arms or supplies to help out the U.S.A. in their travail in Viet Nam.

FRANK WEINSTEIN, D.S.C.

Edmonton, Alberta

Neither Ten Nor Twenty-five

Sir: A tip of the camouflaged steel pot from a soldier in this strong, forward, vital nation. Your Essay "Whatever Happened to Patriotism" [Nov. 10] brings the definition of "patriotism" into its proper perspective. I had seriously worried that patriotism had become a ten-letter dirty word. If that is just how many of the anti-everything Americans had thought of patriotism then an enlightenment is in store for them within your Essay.

(SP4) ROGER S. SCHATZ

Seoul, South Korea

Sir: A typical young patriotic American works day after day in a foreign country at

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a job that his folks don't really understand, his former university mates question the merit of and he didn't know existed before he joined the service, and wanting like hell to get back to those simple convenient places in the States he once took for granted; yet, he knows he is serving his country to the best of his ability—and he knows of no way in the world to explain "patriotism" in 25 words or less.

WAYNE F. NELSON
Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.

A.P.O. New York

Sir: Patriotism is a word used by politicians to get votes, and a weapon wielded by inept leaders seeking support for unpopular policies. The logistics of our new "national purpose" are born in computers, not the hearts of our fathers. Just as there is no technology that can program love, tolerance, and honesty into the national fabric, no degree of patriotic fervor can be harnessed to a computer.

PETER LEVINE

Washington

Sir: Thank God that we don't have to depend on the dissenters to preserve our right to dissent.

G. R. CHURCHILL

Huntsville, Ala.

Look! No Booties!

Sir: Cheers for the normal-looking "Little Brother" doll [Nov. 10]. It is high time that life be represented faithfully so that children can grow up knowing life as it actually is. Getting through the blockades some parents erect is difficult enough. Children are people and should

be treated with due respect. If they are not, then they will only become the neurotic parents of their time.

NAOMI B. TROEGER

Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir: When our toy catalogue arrived, I showed the picture of Petit Frère to my five-year-old daughter (she has a three-year-old brother) and asked her what she thought of the doll. She studied the page for a long time, and then said, "It looks funny. Little boys don't have all that hair." So much for obscenity.

KARIN E. HODGES

Philadelphia

Sir: The only thing I find obscene about "Little Brother" is the piece.

JERELYN KERN

Skokie, Ill.

Sir: As one who has lived happily for over half a century with a small but precious collection of sexless dolls, including third generation of same dating back to my Seattle grandmother's "Frozen Charlotte" of 1844, I deplore the new realism. Heavens to Betsy, we knew which was which by the color of their booties.

ANN L. WURTELE

Woodstock, N.Y.

Sir: The introduction of the "Little Brother" doll has predictably resulted in irrational, moralistic, and highly emotional protests. The very absurdity of the outcries tends to obscure potentially valid objections. While doll play begins at an early age, little girls continue this interest during a later period characterized by exclusion and disparagement of the op-

posite sex. There is much psychiatric evidence suggesting that this period of sexual disinterest has healthy purposes. It aids the normal repression of highly threatening infantile sexual conflicts and allows time for exploration and growth in the demanding process of simply learning to deal with others.

It is possible that repeated exposure to realistic male genitalia would complicate and even retard this aspect of development. Sexual openness in a seven-year-old child is not necessarily a virtue.

FRANKLIN G. MALESON, M.D.

Pennsylvania Hospital
Philadelphia

Once Removed

Sir: I'm sure that your review of Graham Greene's *The Comedians* [Nov. 3] is fair to the picture, but I know that it isn't fair to Haiti. "Greene's fictional Haiti," you say, "seems not very far removed from the real one . . . a Black Power station," etc. Well, this just isn't so. Greene found what he came looking for—Papa Doc, the *Tontons Macoute*, Black Power, a sick society. The visitor without this preconception will see little or nothing of Haiti's cloak-and-dagger world. He will be overwhelmed instead by the Haitian people who have spurred those who strutted in the capital and stole their taxes, from Dessaline's time to the present. The Haitians continue through all this to be the most creative, outgoing, generous and ebullient people in the Caribbean; and the poorest—but without a trace of self-pity, xenophobia, or racial arrogance.

SELDEN RODMAN

Oakland, N.J.

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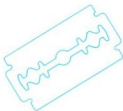


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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

BRITAIN'S Harold Wilson first appeared on
TIME's cover four years ago, the popular, new-
ly elected leader of the Labor Party. That week,
one of TIME's London Bureau correspondents, Hon-
or Balfour, who was president of Oxford's Liberal
Club when Wilson was a member, recalled in this
space how the future Prime Minister "would scur-
ry along The Broad to committee meetings, gown
ballooning in the wind, usually with an armful of
books, a cheery little chap with a round cherubic
face like a pink scrubbed cherrystone and a little
forelock of short-cropped hair curling briefly onto
his forehead." TIME's cover portrait by Boris Challa-
pin captured some of that cheerful self-confidence.

A year later, still cheerful, Britain's new Prime
Minister shared TIME's cover with other govern-
ment chiefs in a week when they were all in the
news. Six months later, as he prepared to national-
ize Britain's steel industry, Wilson sat at 10 Down-
ing Street for his third TIME cover, a portrait by
Pietro Annigoni. Wilson showed the drawing to an
aide and asked if his eyes really closed that much.
The aide said that indeed they did when he was
thinking. This week, as he appears for the fourth
time in four years, Prime Minister Wilson's mood
is reflected by the rather grim photograph of a
man who has just been forced to take the drastic
step of devaluing his nation's currency. His deci-
sion, which came Saturday evening, put Wilson
back on the cover. This time the once cheery chap
was in a very difficult spot.

We recall these past cover stories and link them
with this week's fast cover story to make the point
that it is our practice to constantly monitor the sit-
uation surrounding government leaders like Harold
Wilson in order to judge when, because of positive
or negative events, they are central enough in the
news to become TIME cover subjects. All last week
the London Bureau, under the direction of its
chief, Henry Luce III, had been keeping hourly
watch on a steadily worsening situation. The bu-
reau's files came in for a major story written by
Associate Editor Jason McManus and edited by Sen-
ior Editor Edward Jamieson. Then, on Saturday
night, as more reports came in from London, Wash-
ington and other capitals recording world reaction
to the devaluation, McManus, a former Rhodes
Scholar at Oxford who served for two years as
TIME's Common Market Bureau Chief, recast his
story, giving it the necessary new dimension.

Our aim, going to press as the wide-ranging ef-
fects of the British action began to develop, is to
give the reader a clear and thorough explanation
of what brought Britain to its money crisis and
what the consequences will be.



OCTOBER 11, 1963



OCTOBER 23, 1964



APRIL 30, 1965

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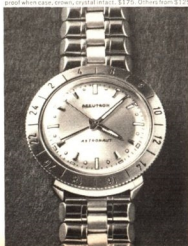
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

November 24, 1967 Vol. 90, No. 21

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

The Look of Leadership

For months his critics had grown ever more vocal—and more violent. His popularity rating had plummeted so steadily that he remarked to an aide: "I may wind up with 1% before it's over with." Yet, whether from hurt feelings or because of his old hankering for consensus politics, the President remained curiously subdued and remote from the fray.

Last week saw the emergence of "the real Johnson"—as his friends put it. Shedding the never-too-convincing guise of folksy preacher and avuncular counselor, he appeared before the TV cameras in the role he knows best—that of the combative, spontaneous, self-assured politician. At the same time Lyndon Johnson came across as an executive ready and willing at last to assert his leadership.

The week had not begun auspiciously. Seeking spiritual solace at Bruton Parish in Colonial Williamsburg, the historic Virginia town restored to Revolutionary-era authenticity by the Rockefeller family, Johnson heard a sermon on Viet Nam instead. "There is rather general consensus that what we are doing in Viet Nam is wrong," lectured Rector Cotesworth Pinckney Lewis as the President sat captive in a front pews that had once been occupied by George Washington. "While pledging our loyalty, we ask humbly, *Why?*"

Too Much Guff. Johnson, who had spent the previous two days doing his best to explain why in hard-hitting speeches at eight U.S. military bases around the nation, managed to appear unflinched. Leaving the church, Lady Bird chirped a noncommittal "Wonderful choir." Smiling stiffly, the President shook hands with Lewis, mumbled "Thank you" and departed. Tilted by the event, Washington reporters invented a slew of mock news bulletins and tacked them to a White House bul-



JOHNSON AT PRESS CONFERENCE
In the role he knows best.

letin board. "President Johnson," said one, "announced late Sunday he has commissioned Artist Peter Hurd to paint a portrait of the Rev. C. P. Lewis." Hurd, of course, is the painter whose portrait of the President was rejected by L.B.J. as "the ugliest thing I ever saw." Improving on the script, Johnson last week chose as his 33rd wedding anniversary gift to Lady Bird a portrait of a boy titled *Arturo* by Henriette Wyeth, who is Mrs. Hurd.

The day after the sermon, Johnson failed to appear for a scheduled speech at the 100th anniversary celebration of the 650,000-member National Grange in Syracuse, N.Y., largely because thousands of antiwar pickets threatened to disrupt his visit. Grumbled one farmer: "He takes too much guff from people like these kids and that preacher."

The dismaying prospect for any rational conduct of politics is that increasingly militant demonstrators plan to turn

out in force wherever Johnson and his Cabinet members go in coming months. When Secretary of State Dean Rusk addressed the Foreign Policy Association in Manhattan last week, he had to slip into the garage entrance of the New York Hilton an hour ahead of time to avoid some 3,000 pickets. Most were moderates, but some, spearheaded by the Students for a Democratic Society and a handful of radicals from the Trotskyite-Maoist Progressive Labor Party, came equipped with plastic bags of cow's blood and aerosol cans with orange paint. They were looking for trouble, and more than 1,000 New York policemen, though generally restrained, finally gave it to them. Thirty-four demonstrators were arrested, a dozen injured.

The Real War. For his part—as he has been increasingly wont to do lately—Johnson compared his situation to that of other wartime Presidents. Exchanging toasts with Japan's Prime Minister Eisaku Sato during a dinner at the White House, he declared: "Let us, Mr. Prime Minister, take courage from Lincoln's words, when he said to his Cabinet in that other tragic period: 'I am here, I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take.'"

Striking back at his critics, Johnson set out to convince a skeptical public that his Viet Nam policy was beginning to show dramatic progress. His top echelon in Saigon, Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, General William Westmoreland and Pacification Chief Robert Komer, flew into Washington for a mini-summit. All three brimmed with confidence—or, as Georgia's Democratic Senator Richard Russell put it after Westmoreland had addressed Russell's Armed Services Committee behind





RECTOR LEWIS AT CHURCH

One preacher who hadn't heard why.

closed doors, "cautious optimism" (see following story). Said one aide, mindfully that the latest Louis Harris Poll* shows Johnson's rating on his handling of the war at an all-time low of 23%: "We're winning that war out there. The real war is back here."

Put Up or Shut Up. For his own major skirmish in that war, in the East Room of the White House, Johnson broke completely with his usual press-conference choreography. Thanks to a lavalier microphone, he was able to leave the lectern and prowled back and forth on a makeshift stage—all the while chopping the air, clutching his breast, slapping, clenching and conjoining his big hands to pound home his points, toying with his glasses and abandoning his previous deadpan, Sunday-sermon visage for a range of grins and grimaces, smiles and scowls worthy of a Method actor. All the while, an Army Signal Corpsman crouched unseen behind the lectern, reeling out microphone cord when Johnson wandered to the edge of the stage and making sure that he did not trip himself up.

The President, well aware that he comes across poorly on television, has lately been asking those around him how he could communicate better. The advice was for him to try to talk to the nation the way he talks to small groups in the privacy of his office. Judging from the congratulatory telegrams that flowed to the White House—including one that said, "Good for you, Mr. President. Give 'em H."—it worked.

During the conference, the President touched on foreign-aid cuts ("a serious mistake") and on congressional reluctance to enact his proposed 10% surcharge on individual and corporate in-

come taxes. Singling out House Republican Leader Gerald Ford, Wisconsin Republican John Byrnes and Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, he declared: "They will live to regret the day when they made that decision [to bottle up the tax bill], because it is a dangerous decision. It is an unwise decision." Raising taxes is an unpopular move, but "we should do it" and eventually "Congress will do it." Will he run again? "I will cross that bridge when I get to it." Hardly anybody in the room doubted that he had long since made the crossing.

Most of the 37-minute conference was devoted to the war and the widespread dissent that it has spawned. The President emphasized that measurable progress is being made. "We are pleased with the results that we are getting," he said—so much so that no increase was anticipated in the currently authorized troop level of 525,000. He was pessimistic about prospects for a bombing pause, and noted that Hanoi's demands last week for a U.S. pullout as a prelude to peace talks "should answer any person in this country who has ever felt that stopping the bombing alone would bring us to the negotiating table." If North Viet Nam's leaders are operating on the assumption that another President would pull out of Viet Nam and make "an inside deal," they are making "a serious misjudgment."

Johnson insisted that U.S. goals in Viet Nam have been clear from the first. "I thought even all the preachers in the country had heard about it," he cracked. One aim was to preserve U.S. security, another was to honor a commitment. "In 1954 we said we would stand with those people in the face of common danger. The time came when we had to put up or shut up. We put up." A third goal was to resist aggression: "If you saw a little child in this room and some big bully came along and grabbed it by the hair and started stomping it, I think you would do something about it."

Admitting that there were deep divisions within the Democratic Party, Johnson said that all parties had their internal disagreements, though "we have perhaps more than our share sometimes." Clearly, he felt that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee contributed more than its due. With a passing reference to the fact that, historically, the committee's chairmen have "almost invariably found a great deal wrong with the Executive in the field of foreign policy," he took a swipe at the present chairman, J. William Fulbright, who had just pushed through resolutions urging Johnson to take the Viet Nam issue to the United Nations and demanding a greater voice for Congress in committing U.S. troops abroad. "The committee had a big day yesterday," said Johnson archly. "They reported two resolutions in one day."

Criticism is "one of the things that goes with the job," but Johnson add-

ed: "I think the time has come when it would be good for all of us to take a new, fresh look at dissent. We welcome responsible dissent. There is a difference between constructive dissent and storm-trooper bullying, howling and taking the law into their own hands."

While on the subject of dissent, as at some other times, Johnson turned his comments into a harangue. Irately, he denied that he had ever branded dissenters as unpatriotic. But he did say that among the critics "there are some hopeful people and there are some naive people in this country and there are some political people. And all of these hopes, dreams and idealistic people going around are misleading and confusing and weakening our position. We have never said they are unpatriotic, although they say some pretty ugly things about us. People who live in glass houses shouldn't be too anxious to throw stones." Yet he was able to joke about his critics. "If I have done a good job of anything since I have been President," he smiled, "it is to insure that there are plenty of dissenters."

There will be more, of course. And now Lyndon Johnson seemed in a mood to meet them head-on. As he entered his fifth year as President, it was plain that the time of defensive silence was over, and that he was once more taking the stance of leadership.

THE WAR

Progress

"It's going to be all right, Mr. President," said Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, cocking his head characteristically to one side. "Just let's keep on, keep on." Bunker's exhortation, delivered in a White House office strewn with war charts and pacification graphs, succinctly summed up the Administration's guardedly optimistic view of the war as the nation's operating military and civilian chiefs returned from Viet Nam to report on its slow but promisingly tangible progress.

Along with General William Westmoreland and his deputy, Ambassador Robert Komer, chief of the pacification effort, Bunker brought home a message not of a clearly foreseeable end to the war but of heartening movement toward that end. "I have never been more encouraged in my four years in Viet Nam," said Westmoreland, who, with his wife and daughter, spent the week as a guest at the White House.

Some reasons for his buoyancy:

► The total of South Vietnamese living under Viet Cong control is down from around 4,000,000 in mid-1965 to 2,500,000 today. About 68% of the South Vietnamese population live in reasonably secure areas, while 15% remain in contested sections. Another 17% are under Viet Cong control. The government has gained 12% of the country's population in the past year.

► The South Vietnamese have conducted five elections in the past 14 months in the midst of war—"a remarkable per-

* Gibing at polls, Johnson told a Gridiron dinner held by Washington's press corps that before Patrick Henry delivered his "Give me liberty or give me death" oration in 1775, he—naturally—conducted a poll. The results: 46% were for liberty, 39% for death, and the rest didn't know.

formance," said Bunker—and a new government acting under a new constitution has shown marked promise in achieving stable and honest rule.

► Viet Cong recruitment, running last year at the rate of some 7,500 per month, has now dropped to 3,500.

► The South Vietnamese army, though far from first-rank efficiency, has demonstrated an increasing capacity to fight bravely and well.

The profile of war and pacification was sketched for the President from meticulously gathered statistics, Communist reports, prisoner interrogations, and U.S. and South Vietnamese intelligence sources. In almost all the country's provinces, the reports suggest, the Viet Cong is suffering increasingly from lack of food, recruiting difficulties, and the steady movement of the people from V.C.-held areas to the security of government-controlled territory. Ironically, in a war in which the enemy has always banked heavily on outlasting the more impatient Occidentals, many Viet Cong troops are sick and tired of the fighting.

The U.S., meanwhile, does not intend to increase projected force levels in Viet Nam but will concentrate on honing its present commitment to maximum efficiency. Westmoreland's only significant request was to continue bombing the North without any extended pause. He compared the war to a knitted sweater, stretched and worn until the threads have grown thin. "In time," he said, "it will unravel. It is difficult to forecast when it will unravel. But if we relieve the pressure, we prolong the war."

One development that increasingly troubles U.S. strategists is the supply line that the Communists have established through Cambodia to circumvent the dangerous U.S. bombings of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. North Vietnamese and Red Chinese cargo ships are docking at the Cambodian port of Sihanoukville, where Jacqueline Kennedy only a few weeks ago with much éclat dedicated a new Avenue J. F. Kennedy. Then

the supplies, particularly ammunition, are trucked along the U.S. aid-built highway to Phnompenh, whence they are moved east to South Viet Nam and into the battlefield.

Meantime, despite the rising political pressures for a bombing halt to try for peaceful negotiations, the prospect in Viet Nam now is merely for 24-hour cease-fires at Christmas and New Year's, with another 48-hour hiatus in February for Tet, the Buddhist lunar New Year.

THE CONGRESS

Biting the Bloodhounds

The legislative career of the war on poverty seems less like a series of congressional debates than an annual reenactment of Eliza crossing the ice. Each year the bloodhounds—mostly hard-breathing Republicans and Southern Democrats—nip closer, but each year Eliza stays an inch or two ahead. After the Republican victories in the 1966 elections, the story seemed destined for a speedy end. Not so. Last week, in the most dramatic victory the Johnson Administration has had in the 90th Congress, the House of Representatives approved the poverty program by the biggest margin yet. The original script* was hardly more miraculous.

Using the poverty program's obvious flaws as powerful ammunition, the G.O.P. House leadership aimed to dismantle the Office of Economic Opportunity altogether. The plan was to carve up the program's appendages among existing Government departments while, at the same time, substantially reducing overall antipoverty appropriations. The scheme seemed persuasive to many conservative Southerners and normally lib-

* Her feet bloodied, her hair blowing, Eliza jumped from ice floe to ice floe, not stopping until, "as in a dream," she had left Kentucky behind and found herself safe on the Ohio side of the Ohio River. Contrary to the mythic and dramatic versions of folklore, Harriet Beecher Stowe's heroine was not actually pursued by bloodhounds.



ELIZA FLEEING ACROSS THE ICE
Turnabout twist to the old script.

eral big-city Democrats, who complain that local politicians do not have enough control over many OEO projects in their areas. After last summer's riots, there was bitter talk about not rewarding rioters, and the plan's success seemed to be inevitable. Few on Capitol Hill could challenge the self-confident assertion of New York's Charles Goodell, chief Republican strategist, that the three-year-old war on poverty would be "maimed, mutilated and mangled" before it passed the House in 1967.

"Bossism & Boll Weevil!" The Democratic leadership knew that its only chance to beat Goodell's scheme was to win over or at least neutralize Southern Democrats, who had never much liked OEO and who could now, as a result of the riots, find a good excuse for voting their distaste. How could they be bribed loose from the Republicans? The Administration forces decided that some "dramatic change" would be needed in the program itself.

No one was sure just what new formula would work until Oregon's Edith Green suggested that state and local officials be given the control over local programs that they had long asked for. The leadership agreed, not only mollifying Southerners but also assuring that big-city Democratic machines would throw their all into the battle. The dramatic change had been found. "Bossism and boll weevil!" cried an outraged Charlie Goodell. The remark won him cause few Southern votes.

Still, victory was by no means certain, and as the debate began, an unlikely coalition of mayors, educators, labor leaders and big businessmen belatedly joined the battle. Scattered local programs began to close for lack of appropriations at the same time, and Congressmen who had been cool suddenly realized what the war on poverty meant back home. What Arizona Democrat



BUNKER

Like a worn sweater, it will unravel in time.



WESTMORELAND

Morris Udall called OEO's "hidden and silent" support started to surface.

Some unexpected allies also appeared. Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak came out with a story noting underground complaints about Speaker John McCormack, and there was a sudden outpouring of sympathy for the Speaker, a well-loved figure, and just about any bill he wanted. Though he did not show his face or utter a word, Education Commissioner Harold Howe also proved a force. Under the G.O.P. plan, several of OEO's programs, including the Job Corps, would go to Howe's Office of Education, but Southerners would do almost anything—including voting to preserve OEO—to avoid giving more power to a man they regard as a radical integrationist.

It was all too much for the G.O.P. House leadership, which saw many of its members desert the standard. "The way things are going," sighed G.O.P. Whip Leslie Arends, "we couldn't put the Ten Commandments into this bill." In the end, 186 Democrats and 97 Republicans voted for the measure, 50 Democrats and 79 Republicans against it. Though Republicans did hold funding to \$1.6 billion, the chances are good that when the program emerges from conference with the Senate, which gave it \$2.2 billion, it will have more money than it has ever had. It was as if Eliza had turned around and bitten the bloodhounds.

To the Marrow

Every year Congressmen do their best to cut foreign aid to the bone, but in the current session their knives have sliced to the program's very marrow. Last week, after months of dispute between the House and Senate and still more wrangling between the House Foreign Affairs and Appropriations committees, the full House finally approved the lowest aid appropriation in the program's history and severely restricted U.S. military-aid activities.

And it could have been worse. In two days of angry debate, the Democratic leadership beat back repeated efforts to reduce the appropriation still further, finally mustered a vote of 167 to 143 for a bill providing \$2.19 billion, a cut of \$1 billion from President Johnson's original request. The earlier authorization measure approved by both houses required that the Government's revolving loan fund, which allows poor nations to make arms purchases, be ended by June 30. The House appropriations bill goes even further by forcing the President to reduce any underdeveloped nation's economic aid by the amount of its own funds that the country spends to buy sophisticated weaponry. Only Greece, Turkey, Iran, Israel, Taiwan, Korea and the Philippines would be exempted.

Normally the White House looks to the Senate for succor when House budget cutters get too frisky, but this year the Administration can hope for little Senate sympathy on foreign aid.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Something for the Hat

"When I went to Washington in January 1965, Mr. Johnson gave me a ten-gallon Texas hat. This time I'd like to get something to go in the hat." Thus spoke Japan's Premier Eisaku Sato as he departed from Tokyo for a seven-day American tour. Before the week was out, Sato had won concessions from Lyndon Johnson on matters peculiarly sensitive to Japanese pride—but whether they totaled ten gallons was debatable.

Specifically, the Premier came to the U.S. to discuss America's retention of Okinawa and the Bonin Islands, both of which were Japanese possessions before World War II, and have remained persistently sticky political issues in Tokyo. Sato won a promise that the Bo-

Kabuki-actor's face. "From what I have seen, I would not like to try it."

Though Japan's U.S.-imposed constitution forbids the use of force in settling international disputes—thus barring any Japanese troop commitment to Viet Nam—the country contributes more than \$1,000,000 a year to Saigon. Sato promised to increase Japan's foreign aid by a full third, and to continue the Japanese-American security treaty beyond its 1970 expiration date. He repeatedly rejected the idea of a unilateral U.S. bombing pause over North Viet Nam without "reciprocal action" from Hanoi. To that extent, Sato paid more than he received in the way of U.S. concessions on the island territories.

Savory Settlement. The Bonin Islands, which include the bloody battleground of Iwo Jima where 21,000

W. EUGENE SMITH—LIFE



IWO JIMA UNDER BOMBARDMENT IN 1945
Efforts well understood and appreciated.

nins would be returned, probably within a year, and that the status of Okinawa would be studied. In return, he assured Lyndon Johnson of his government's firm support for the U.S. commitment in Southeast Asia.

Constructive Stand. "America has taken a consistently active and constructive stand in its search for a peaceful solution in Viet Nam," said the Premier, who last month finished a tenation swing throughout Southeast Asia. "I was deeply impressed during my recent trip that the U.S. efforts in Viet Nam were well understood and appreciated by the governments and peoples of the Asian countries." Sato warned Johnson's heart further when he pronounced himself "keenly aware that the position of a leader is often a lonely one filled with tribulations." Himself besieged by leftist anti-government rioters before he flew to the U.S., Sato commented dryly on dissent in America. "It has been suggested that perhaps we should institute an exchange program for demonstrators," he remarked with a crooked smile on his

Japanese and 4,189 American Marines died in early 1945, is a craggy archipelago of little modern-day strategic value, though it is just 700 miles south-east of Japan. Originally settled by 19th century seamen, including two New Englanders (many islanders still bear such old American names as Savory, Webb and Robinson), the islands are currently used by the U.S. only for a small naval and weather station, whose total complement is no more than 75 men.

On the more sensitive question of Okinawa, Sato received a promise of continuing consultations on the island's future reversion to Japan. This prospect has been clouded by the war, since Okinawa is America's major Western Pacific base, and a key way station for heavy bombers and troops headed for Viet Nam. The sooner the war in Southeast Asia ends, the sooner Japan will regain administrative control of Okinawa and the Ryukyu chain of which it is a part. With that in mind, perhaps, Sato offered last week to serve as best he could as a "third party" in seeking a negotiated end to the war.

REPUBLICANS

But of Course

The first noteworthy candidate of either major party to announce unequivocally that he will be running for President next year was, of course, Harold Stassen, 60. It will be the Republican's sixth presidential campaign since 1944, with only 1956 excepted.

The Word

Before making any major personal decision, Michigan's George Romney usually spends an entire day in seclusion meditating and seeking divine guidance. Last week, after a day at home, Mormon Romney had the word. The nation—if not the Deity—would have been very much surprised if it had been no.

In effect, Governor Romney has been campaigning for the presidency since February, when he ventured into six states to decry the decline of American morality. Nine months later—and nine months before the G.O.P. convention in Miami—Romney finally proclaimed what everyone knew he had in him.

"I have decided to fight for and win the Republican nomination," he told a news conference. "I have made my decision with great earnestness."

Instant Comeback. Then, flanked by Wife Lenore and three of their children, the Governor earnestly catalogued the nation's ills: crime, welfare, slums, inflation. "We are becoming a house divided," he said. "The richest nation in the world is a fiscal mess. Once a beacon of hope for people everywhere, America is now widely regarded as belligerent and domineering. We are mixed in an Asian land war which sacrifices our young men and drains our resources, with no end in sight. False optimism and lack of candor on the part of our leaders have confused our citizens and sapped their resolve. A Republican President can work for a just peace in Viet Nam unshackled by mistakes of the past."

As an announced candidate, Romney is in the unique position of having to stage a comeback at the moment he leaves the starting line. For months his popularity has been skidding largely because of such gaffes as his "brainwashing" admission in September. To have any hope of winning the crucial New Hampshire primary on March 12, he will have to elucidate comprehensively—and comprehensibly—positions on foreign policy and pervasive domestic issues. Richard Nixon," meanwhile, is gearing his campaign in the Granite State to emphasize his expertise on foreign affairs and other major issues; Romney plans to jog through the street-corner-and-supermarket campaign that suits him best.

Many Republicans, including some

* An AP poll of delegates and alternates to the 1964 Republican convention showed last week that Nixon would be the 1968 preference of 46%, followed by Rockefeller (20%), Reagan (19%) and Romney (7%).

of Romney's avowed supporters, now believe that the Michigander's campaign will turn into a holding operation, coalescing the party's moderates and keeping them in the forefront until another middle-of-the-road candidate with a realistic chance of gaining the nomination can step in. Cheering Romney last week on his announcement, Nelson Rockefeller observed: "A wise national Republican Party will choose a moderate, able, winning candidate in 1968." Despite all of Rocky's disclaimers, yet Republicans thought that rather than prescribing for Romney, he was describing Nelson Rockefeller.

Young Easterner with Style

New York's city hall has been the political graveyard of virtually every man who presided there. Its present landlord may be the exception. On the eve of his second anniversary in office, John Vliet Lindsay is still threshing out the mega-problems of megalopolis, yet refuses to sink below the horizon of national politics. His views on the Republican presidential competition make headlines. Fortnight ago, he published his first book, *Journey into Politics*. Last week, after appearing on a network television program, he starred in the first of a weekly TV series of his own. Then he hopped to Los Angeles, where he turned on a variety of audiences, live and electronic.

LINDSAY FOR PRESIDENT said the sign at the University of Southern California's Great Issues forum, where the turnout of 1,700 was the largest anyone could remember. Lindsay, of course, forswears national candidacy "under any circumstances," insists that his besting of Lyndon Johnson in a recent poll interests him not a "teeny-weeny bit," and argues that his disinclination is so pervasive that he makes "Sherman look like a lightweight." But when he met Governor Ronald Reagan for the first time, the conservative Californian said the liberal New Yorker simply had to be considered a potential candidate. Perhaps a dream ticket of Ronnie and Johnny uniting the coasts and the party's wings? (Or could it be Johnny and Ronnie?) "That's more than a dream," said Lindsay, "that's a nightmare."

Flapping Smartly. Dashing John Lindsay, 46 this week, is, of course, far down on the list of G.O.P. possibilities for 1968, and with Governor Nelson Rockefeller dominating the party in New York, Lindsay has no strong organizational base of his own. The Rockefeller-Lindsay relationship has not been harmonious, the latest discord occurring, paradoxically, because Lindsay has been boosting Rockefeller's candidacy and because one of Lindsay's aides is prominent in a draft-Rockefeller group. Such efforts erode Rockefeller's façade of non-candidacy at a time when the Governor prefers to remain committed, at least in public, to George Romney. Lindsay's refusal to cooperate hurts Rockefeller's credibility, and to whatever extent that the New



ROMNEY & WIFE AT BREAKFAST PARTY
More description than prescription.

York Governor's national prospects suffer, Lindsay's may prosper. Last week Rockefeller publicly asked Lindsay and his subordinates to end the eulogization. Lindsay replied disingenuously that he could not regulate his aide's private activities. Then at week's end he said New York Republicans will support Senator Jacob Javits as a favorite son.

Regardless of Lindsay's prospects next year, his latest spurt of activity keeps his pennant flapping smartly. The trip to Los Angeles again showed him to be the consummate campaigner. Considering his official mission—to boost New York City Opera Company's opening—he traveled heavy. In addition to Mrs. Lindsay, he took his press secretary, a deputy mayor, a speechwriter and his TV consultant. Not that he ap-



REAGAN & LINDSAY IN LOS ANGELES
Prime time for a Ronnie and Johnny show?

peared to need help. From the ladies in the audience Lindsay elicited the usual sighs of "divine," "beautiful." And in an even dozen appearances before students, lawyers, reporters, business leaders and other Angelenos, his speeches and repartee, laced with tart humor, were enthusiastically received.

From IBMs to Lollipops. For businessmen he had some practical advice. "The firms that can find the answers to the cities' basic problems," he said at a Los Angeles' town hall forum, "can become the IBMs or Texas Instruments of the 1970s." To protest-prone students, he proposed that they bore from within by joining government instead of merely picketing it. "If you want to ban the bomb," he said, "only government can do it. If you want to legalize pot, only government can do it. And if you want to make love and not war—well, I'm not sure this is a proper role of government. As a Republican, I think the matter should be left to our system of private enterprise."

Lindsay also had a chance to show his tough side. Last week, he demanded and got the resignation of New York City's Sanitation Commissioner Samuel Kearing, a Republican whom Lindsay had appointed just a year ago. After Kearing complained he had been ejected for pushing too hard to build up his department, Lindsay fired a statement back to New York saying Kearing had been "insubordinate" in his independence of city hall policy. That bit of unpleasantness attended to, Lindsay cheerfully took on all questions. He criticized U.S. "military escalation" in Viet Nam, proclaimed in Reagan country that the Republicans should nominate a moderate for President, and even consented to comment on Shirley Temple Black's defeat. "When dimples and lollipops and curly hair and motherhood all go down in one day, it's too much," said he, "I'm crushed."

Looking decidedly uncrushed, Lindsay concluded his "nonpolitical" politicking and returned to Manhattan, leaving behind quite a few Republicans recalling, with mixed emotions, the style of a young Eastern Democrat who once won a presidential election.

CALIFORNIA

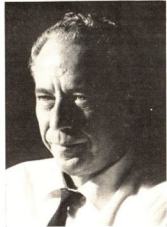
Peace & War in San Mateo

The congressional primary in Northern California's San Mateo County attracted national attention largely because Shirley Temple, who as a child was every moviegoer's lollipop, was in the race. But Mrs. Shirley Temple Black, 39, mother of three and as conservative as could be, was not a hit at the ballot box. She lost the Republican race to Attorney Paul N. McCloskey, a moderate, by 52,878 votes to 34,521.

A craggy handsome Stanford graduate and Korean War Marine hero, McCloskey tagged Shirley a superhawk and won a lot of points by her refusal to debate the issues with him on TV.



REPUBLICANS' McCLOSKEY



DEMOCRATS' ARCHIBALD

Shooting down Superhawk and Real Dove.

McCloskey's cause was aided by an army of young volunteers who saturated the district with campaign literature and followed their leader's 18-hour-a-day campaign pace. While McCloskey called for a negotiated settlement of the Viet Nam war and gradual withdrawal of U.S. troops, he rejected the wording of San Francisco's Proposition P, which called for a unilateral, immediate pull-out. The issue had lost 2 to 1 in San Francisco a week earlier, and San Mateo voters would undoubtedly have rejected it even more decisively had it been on their ballot.

On the Democratic side, affable, gray-haired Roy Archibald, 47, defeated Edward Keating, 42, former publisher of the New Left *Ramparts* magazine, by 15,069 votes to 8,881. Keating, who billed himself as the "real" peace candidate, stood fast for Proposition P. Archibald, a wartime PT-boat skipper who is a West Coast spokesman for the National Education Association and an able former mayor of San Mateo, voiced mild qualms over U.S. tactics in Viet Nam but supported the U.S. commitment to the war.

Any party analysis of the vote in the traditionally Republican district was complicated by California's rules for special elections. On showing up at the polls, voters could decide to vote either Democratic or Republican no matter how they were registered. In this free-wheeling situation, G.O.P. Winner McCloskey got well over three times the number of votes that went to the Democratic winner, and even the vanquished Shirley bested Archibald by more than 2 to 1. "A lot of Democrats went over to defeat that girl," said Archibald. "They'll come to my side."

When McCloskey and Archibald meet in the December 12 general election, the voters will have a choice between a Republican who is a professed admirer of G.O.P. Liberals Nelson Rockefeller, John Lindsay and Charles Percy, and an L.B.J. Democrat. All the indications give a clear edge to Republican McCloskey.

DEMOCRATS

Chorus of One

A dozen Senators or twosome Representatives could say the same thing without making too much of a splash. But when New York's Senator Robert F. Kennedy accuses President Johnson of having muffed a chance to end the war in Viet Nam, his single, rather reedy voice has the volume of the *Anvil Chorus* in this year of presidential maneuvering.

This week, in a new book called *To Seek a Newer World*, Kennedy accuses Johnson of just such a blunder. In the early months of 1967, he writes, the U.S. "cast away what may well have been the last best chance to go to the negotiating table, on terms we clearly would have accepted before." At that time, he says, Hanoi was willing to begin talks if the U.S. would quit bombing the North. But the Administration, which had ordered a 37-day bombing pause a year earlier in the hope of achieving precisely that outcome, shifted its position and demanded a *quid pro quo*—namely, an end to Hanoi's infiltration of the South.

The upshot of this hardened attitude may be to "make a negotiated peace impossible for some time to come," concludes Kennedy. Even so, and even though a negotiated settlement would entail the risk of an eventual Viet Cong takeover, he holds that peace talks are the only way out of the war. "Withdrawal is now impossible," he says, because it would "damage our position in the world." As for outright military victory—the only other alternative—that goal "is at best uncertain and at worst unattainable."

Least Impact. Doubleday & Co. paid Kennedy a handsome \$150,000 advance—making this the first of his four books not to be published by Harper & Row, which roused his ire during last year's acrid controversy over William Manchester's *The Death of a President*. Despite the fact that *Look* magazine also clashed with Bobby over its serialization

of the Manchester book, Bobby accepted an additional \$10,000 or so from the magazine for his new book's chapter on Viet Nam.

The Senator plans to give the money away, though he will not say to whom; his publishers are quite confident of recouping theirs, and then some. Even though the book, with chapters on youth, the Negro, Latin America, nuclear arms and China as well as Viet Nam, is little more than a *réchauffé* of old speeches, touched up by the Senator and Aides Adam Walinsky and Peter Edelman, the mere fact that it bears Bobby Kennedy's name is bound to sell copies during the coming year. According to Bobby's aides, the book's release was actually timed to achieve the least—not the greatest—political impact. Had Bobby really wanted to stir up controversy, they say, he would have sprung it on the eve of next summer's nominating conventions.

SPACE

Over the Top

Fifty miles above the earth at more than 3,500 m.p.h., America's needle-nosed X-15 barely ruffles the underskirts of space. U.S. and Soviet astronauts have ventured far higher, faster and for longer flights. But for Air Force Major Michael J. Adams, 37, riding the stub-winged X-15 rocket ship on its wild ten-minute flights beyond the atmosphere and back presented a greater challenge. He too had been chosen as an astronaut. Repeated slippage of the Manned Orbiting Laboratory program left him impatient to get off the ground, and he asked to fly the X-15 instead.

Adams climbed into its cockpit last week for his seventh flight. His craft

was carrying instruments to collect micrometeorites, determine which of the sun's rays are absorbed by the atmosphere, and test an experimental coating for a Saturn rocket booster. It was the X-15's 191st flight since the U.S. first used it to explore the fringes of space in 1959 and, by the exacting standards of the men who fly the X-15, it was a routine mission.

Coming Downhill. In the bright sky over California's Mojave Desert, Adams unhooked from the B-52 mother ship that had carried him aloft to 45,000 ft. Then his ammonia and liquid-oxygen rocket motor ignited with 60,000 lbs. of thrust, hurtling him skyward for 80 sec, until his fuel burned out. Seconds before he glided upward to "go over the top" at his peak altitude of 261,000 ft., Adams radioed calmly to report loss of control of the X-15's pitch-and-roll dampers, twelve small rocket nozzles that guide the craft in a near vacuum. "Let's try and get them on," radioed back Major William ("Pete") Knight, a fellow X-15 pilot who was monitoring Adams from the ground. Then Adams, with a curt "Yep," signaled that he was back in control.

K: You're a little bit high, Mike, but in good shape. We've got you coming downhill now. Dampers still on, Mike?

A: Yeah, and it still seems squirrely. K: Okay, have you coming back to two-thirty [230,000 ft.].

A: I'm in a spin, Pete.

The voice was matter of fact; Knight droned back instructions for the scientific tests, then warned Adams to check his angle of glide.

A: I'm in a spin.

K: Say again.

A: I'm in a spin.

Somewhere close to 100,000 ft., when

the X-15 met the earth's atmosphere at five times the speed of sound, National Aeronautics and Space Administration scientists suspect, the plummeting rocket ship was buffeted violently by the thickening air, sending the craft into a series of shuddering gyrations that ripped off the X-15's wings and tail assembly, leaving Adams with no control and whirling him into senselessness within seconds. The forces may have gone higher than ten times the force of gravity, transforming Adams' 5-ft. 11-in. and 180-lb. frame into a mass weighing almost a ton.

"Let's keep it up, Mike," radioed Knight. "Let's keep it up." But he heard no more from the X-15. Nobody saw it slam into the sparse Mojave Desert sagebrush 60 miles northwest of Las Vegas. Adams was aboard—the first man to die in an X-15. He did not—or could not—use the ejection device that might have parachuted him to safety.

ARMED FORCES

Fallen Stars

The day was dark and windy. Scuttling northwest from the ancient Buddhist capital of Huế, the two helicopters were above effective small-arms range as they followed the stretch of Vietnamese coast known as "The Street Without Joy." All at once the lead chopper erupted in a burst of fire and smoke, then crashed on its back in a flooded paddyfield, carrying five men to death. Whether the Dong Ha bound Huey was destroyed by Communist gunfire, sabotage or a freak accident may never be known, though Hanoi was quick to crow that its gunners had downed the bird. What was known was that the U.S. Marine Corps had lost its first division commander to be killed in any war: Major General Bruno A. Hochmuth, 56, two-star boss of the 26,000-man 3rd Marine Division, which has borne the brunt of the fighting in South Viet Nam this year.

Hochmuth was also the first American general officer to lose his life in Viet Nam. (Air Force Major General William Crumm was killed last July in a B-52 collision over the South China Sea.) A lean, laconic Texan who delighted in raising both flowers and barbells, Hochmuth led the 3rd Marines through the heavy spring and summer fighting around Khe Sanh, Con Thien and Cam Lo on the lacerated lower lip of the Demilitarized Zone. With his forces spread thin over two entire provinces, "Curly" Hochmuth (so known for his bald head) fought a dogged, essentially defensive war, but took the offensive brilliantly when the Marines swept through the DMZ last May, killing 1,500 North Vietnamese troops and capturing or destroying tons of supplies.

Named within hours as Hochmuth's successor was Major General Rathvon McClure Tompkins, 55, a Colorado-born veteran of Guadalcanal, Tarawa



FIREMEN SPRAYING X-15 WRECKAGE

"I'm in a spin, Pete," said the matter-of-fact voice.



HOCHMUTH

A good man gone, and another to fill his boots.



TOMPKINS

and Saipan, where he won the Navy Cross and picked up a load of Japanese shrapnel that still causes him to limp at the end of a ten-mile hike. Known as "Tommy Two-Star" behind his back, Tompkins served in the Dominican Republic during the 1965 crisis before becoming commander of the Marines' Parris Island boot camp in June, 1966. When Marine Corps Chief of Staff Lieut. General Henry Buse called from Washington to ask Tompkins how soon he could leave for Viet Nam, the new 3rd Marine commander replied: "Tomorrow."

Three Who Came Through

After endless months of meager rations, disease, squatting through droning Viet Cong indoctrinations, and sleeping with their ankles locked in stocks, the three Special Forces sergeants were home. They had not been brainwashed. Daniel Lee Pitzer, 37, of Spring Lake, N.C., and James E. Jackson, 27, of Talcott, W. Va., plied their military escorts with questions about events since their capture—the Viet Nam buildup, hippies, the civil rights movement. "Is that the way America is?" asked one. The third released prisoner, Edward R. Johnson, 44, of Seaside, Calif., emaciated by disease, was dropped off in Washington for transfer to the Army's Walter Reed Hospital after the trip from New York's Kennedy International Airport. The other two were flown on to Fort Bragg, N.C., where Pitzer was joined by wife and brother, and Jackson met by a cheering group of Green Beret buddies.

Despite fatigue, spirits were high. Considering their daily fight to survive in the tiny prison compound in the pestiferous heart of the Mekong Delta, their condition was remarkable. "Coming back," said Pitzer, "is like being born again."

Two Who Stayed Home

Orders is orders in the Army. That hoary fiat has produced its measure of anguish and hilarity over the years. Its seriocomic aspects surfaced last week in the court-martial of a Viet Nam-bound private who said "I won't go," and didn't, and the troubles of a private first class on furlough who was told to await new orders, and did—for 18 unregimented months.

Happy Tears. Ronald Lockman, 23, the private who refused to go to war, announced his intentions at a San Francisco news conference the day he was scheduled to be processed for shipment, Sept. 13. "My fight is back home in the Philadelphia ghettos where I was born and raised," said Lockman, a Negro and a member of the militant leftist W.E.B. DuBois Club. "I will not go 10,000 miles away to be a tool of the oppressors of the Vietnamese people." A day later, Lockman was hustled to the stockade, after refusing to board a bus with 100 other soldiers bound for the air hop to Saigon.

Last week a six-officer general-court-martial board, four of them Viet Nam war veterans, turned aside attempts by Lockman's attorneys to argue that the order was unlawful because the war is "illegal and unjust." The board took eleven minutes to find Lockman guilty, 20 minutes to agree on a sentence of 30 months hard labor, loss of pay and dishonorable discharge.

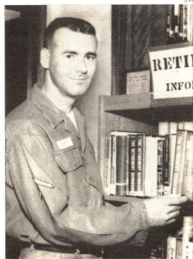
"Thank you God, thank you God!" shrieked Lockman's fiancée after hearing the relatively light sentence. Lockman, fully prepared to get the five-year maximum, shouted: "I'm not crying because I'm sad. I'm crying because I'm happy!" After the automatic review of the case at Sixth Army headquarters, Lockman's attorneys plan appeals.

By contrast, the Army's orders-is-or-

ders syndrome led to comedy of the absurd in the case of Pfc. Joe A. Smith. After completing engineer training at Fort Hood, Texas, Smith, also 23, went home to Brownsville, Calif., on a 30-day leave in November 1965. At leave's end he phoned Fort Hood for further instructions, was told to report to Oakland Army Terminal Dec. 28 for shipment to Thailand. Then, days later, he received a telegram telling him to disregard the reporting date and await new orders "to follow." Obeying orders to the letter, Smith settled back to wait, meanwhile picking up a \$130-a-week logging job. His wife Glenda Fay continued to receive her monthly \$95.20 allotment check.

Crazy like a Fox. By last June, having technically served his two-year hitch, Smith pulled on his Army duds and hopped a bus for Oakland, where he demanded his discharge. "I saw this sergeant, and he didn't know what to do with me, so he took me to see this lieutenant," dead-pans Smith. "The officer kind of went crazy. 'Don't you know there's a war on?' he asked me. 'Don't you watch television?' Sure, I said."

After months of waiting for the Army's decision, Smith finally got an A.C.L.U. lawyer who threatens to take the case to federal court unless Smith is honorably discharged. The Army considers those 18 months to be "bad time" and has put Smith on short pay—\$20 since June to recoup the allotments his wife received during his absence. Glenda Fay Smith meanwhile is still receiving her allotments. A runner at Sixth Army headquarters, Smith has recently been given a battery of physical and mental tests. Though the Army is mum about the results, one officer cracked that Smith was "crazy like a fox." Smith sums it all up with innocent aplomb. "I talked to the sergeant major once, and he said, 'Well, it wasn't an authorized absence.' But it wasn't unauthorized either."



PFC. JOE SMITH AT LIBRARY
To the letter.

THE WORLD

BRITAIN

The Agony of the Pound

(See Cover)

It was 9:33 p.m. on a cold and foggy Saturday in Britain when the world first came. Much of the country was sprawled in stuffed chairs watching an old Doris Day movie (*Midnight Lace*) on the BBC. First there was a fragmentary bulletin that broke into the movie, then a delay in the scheduled 10:25 news while scriptwriters scrambled to get together details. In millions of living rooms up and down the length of Britain, people watched transfixed while a gay Latin American dance rhythm blared from the box, which went blank except for a slide advising: "The News Is Coming Soon." The news came all too soon for once-proud Britain. After a week in which the long agony of the British pound reached a writhing climax, Prime Minister Harold Wilson's Labor government announced a cut in the pound's exchange value from \$2.80 to \$2.40—a 14.3% devaluation.

Despite all the headlines and all the talk during a long and hard week, Britons—and many others in the Western world—experienced a deep sense of shock at the news. Until the last minute, there were hopes and rumors that Britain would be able to free herself, at least temporarily, from the heavy pressures on the pound by getting a massive loan from its Western allies. After all, the pound is one of the two international reserve currencies (with the dollar), and its devaluation was bound to throw the West into a severe monetary crisis. Still, there it was. Growing crowds booed the police outside 10 Downing Street, and London's newspapers stopped their Sunday editions on the presses. It was Britain's biggest and worst news in many years.

"It is a black day for all of us," said John Davies, director general of the Confederation of British Industry, after emerging from No. 10. The Observer called devaluation "a brave act," but most of the British press took off after Harold Wilson's scalp. "This is D-day for Britain without the flags," said the Sunday Mirror. "The 'D' this time stands for disaster and disillusion as well as for devaluation." Since Wilson had consistently denied that he would ever devalue the pound, many Britons felt betrayed as well as disheartened. "I am quite shocked," said Sir Patrick Hennessy, chairman of Ford Motor Co. "I have personally told my business friends abroad that it would not happen. I could not believe that the government would go back on its statements."

And there was more bitter medicine to swallow than devaluation. In order to back up devaluation with financial muscle, Britain not only had to go hat in hand to the International Monetary

Fund (to which it already owes \$1.4 billion) to ask for a fresh drawing of \$1.4 billion, but also had to arrange a multinational loan of \$1.6 billion from its partners, thus creating a new \$3 billion support package in order to prevent the total collapse of the pound. To back up its action, the government raised the interest rate from 6½% to 8½% in order to attract foreign deposits, ordered British banks to limit their loans to priority borrowers, issued restrictions on installment buying and credit and announced plans to cut \$240 million from Britain's \$5.3 billion defense budget. It ordered all banks and money markets in the country to keep their doors closed

such circles, a nation's currency is its honor, and Britain's has been constantly imperiled by the country's inability to earn its own way in the world. The decision of the major powers not to devalue works to make the British move more effective, since a me-too devaluation by everybody would largely cancel out whatever benefits Britain hopes to reap from its drastic move.

Angry Sheiks. Last week's turmoil began with the disclosure of Britain's trade figures for October, which showed a gross deficit of nearly \$300 million, the worst such monthly gap in the country's history. That in itself was certainly ominous enough, but the context in

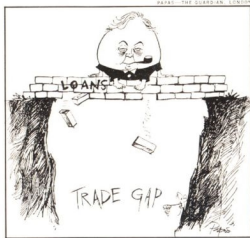
which the deficit emerged made the figures far worse. Britain's endemic deficits are usually largest in times of expansion, when Britons, fully employed and flush with cash, step up their purchases of goods from abroad. This time, however, Britain is in the trough of a government-imposed slowdown now 18 months old, a belt-tightening period of austerity imposed by Wilson's government after another sterling crisis in 1966.

The tightening clearly failed to work, partly because Britons kept right on buying more foreign goods than the country could afford. There were other reasons for the failure that were largely beyond Britain's control. The Arab-Israeli

war in June moved angry sheiks to pull more than \$100 million out of London banks and deposit it elsewhere. It also closed down the Suez Canal, costing Britain some \$600 million a year in higher shipping costs for its exports and higher prices for the fuel and other raw materials it imports. Wildcat dock strikes in London and Liverpool cost another \$180 million in exports not shipped abroad. And Wilson's austerity squeeze started at a time when world trade generally was slowing down, making it difficult for Britain to increase exports in the dramatic way that was needed to bring its trade figures into balance.

The massive trade gap, coming atop the long series of sterling crises, touched off a flurry of pound selling. Holders of sterling balances rushed to their telephones to trade their pounds for gold, dollars or any other hard currency they could buy. With the supply of pounds so much greater than the demand, the price of sterling inevitably was driven downwards, until on Friday it slipped under the government-support level of \$2.7825, to \$2.7822.

In the City, London's financial district, bewilderment and confusion ran



BRITISH CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF WILSON
A naughty boy among the gentlemen.

on Monday of this week to reduce speculation before final I.M.F. approval of the new support funds for the pound.

Cheaper Exports. When Clement Attlee's Labor government last devalued the pound in 1949 (from \$4.03 to \$2.80), 23 nations followed by devaluing their own currencies. This time, several countries—Ireland, Denmark, and Israel—almost immediately followed Britain's move by devaluing, and others are sure to follow this week, particularly within the British Commonwealth. The Common Market countries immediately decided not to follow Britain's lead, and the U.S. lost no time in announcing that it has no intention of devaluing the dollar. In a White House statement, President Johnson said that he could "reaffirm unequivocally the commitment of the U.S. to buy and sell gold at the existing price of \$35 an ounce."

Devaluation will make Britain's exports cheaper and more attractive abroad, thus helping to lessen its huge balance-of-payments deficit, one of the chief causes of the pound's trouble. In the arcane, gentlemanly confines of the world's money managers, Britain has long been considered a naughty boy. In

rampant. Bowler hats bobbed after every rumor, as wave after wave of massive selling hit sterling. Exactly how much gold and foreign-currency reserves the government had to use up to keep the pound afloat was a state secret as vital as any kept by England, but estimates ran as high as half a billion dollars for the week, half of Britain's expected 1967 payments deficit and one-sixth of its total reserves. The scene was much the same on markets in Paris, Zurich and New York. Alone and without devaluation, Britain could not have saved the pound. In New York alone, the Federal Reserve absorbed an estimated \$300 million in unwanted pounds each day last week, and on frantic Friday the U.S. helping

mons, refused to confirm or deny the rumor. As the week drew to a close and the Group of Ten's delegates disbanded and went home with nary a public promise of help for Britain, the Friday panic in money markets around the world inevitably resulted.

Furtively Bruited About. While all this was going on Harold Wilson and his ministers were bent on a course that they had tried desperately to avoid ever since he took over as Prime Minister three years ago. Two weeks before, Chancellor Callaghan had gone to Wilson and reported that the Treasury's quarterly forecast showed that the outlook for 1968's balance of payments looked even worse than had been expected, and in fact suggested that there

about rumors that Britain had made international loan arrangements. He did not confirm that there were such negotiations for a good reason: there had not yet, in fact, been any. It was not until after the Cabinet meeting that the government went out and started looking for loans on the basis of its decision. The Bank of England's O'Brien went to work calling up his central bank counterparts in Europe and in the U.S. The whole deal was finally arranged by Saturday afternoon.

The I.M.F., which must approve devaluation of any of its members, was notified of the plan on Friday night, and at 8 a.m. Saturday each of its directors received a telephone call summoning him to a meeting that morning in Washington. The directors gave tentative approval to Britain's plan (they are to vote formally on the matter this week), and that approval was received in London about 5 p.m. Some four hours after that, having worked out a few more details, Chancellor Callaghan made his historic announcement.

The Once Proud Workshop. How did Britain, where the Industrial Revolution was born, fall to such a beggar's estate among the industrial nations of the world? There is scarcely a segment of British society or an element of British tradition that is not in some way responsible for the impoverishment of the once proud workshop of the world.

The ability of a nation to earn its way in the world rests primarily on its productivity: its capacity to marshal its human and mechanical resources to produce goods that can compete with those of other nations in the world marketplace. Only then does it earn enough income to buy the things it imports. For most of the postwar years, Britain's productivity has failed to keep pace with that of its competitors. Among the major industrial nations, Britain since 1951 has had the slowest rise in productivity, the lowest rate of investment in private enterprise and the largest rise in its export prices. In its case, the equation is doubly exacting: poor in natural resources, Britain must import much of its food and the raw materials for the goods it makes.

Both British management and successive governments are to blame for not pumping enough of the right kind of investment into industry to modernize it or, in spite of all the export campaigns, for not really getting out and hard-selling British goods. The job of salesman holds little status in Britain and, for that matter, business itself still tends to be looked down upon as the domain of the hustling parvenu or the disdainful "gentleman amateur."

Needing Every Penny. Labor, too, with its fierce class antagonisms still smoldering and its "I'm all right Jack" attitudes, has stoutly resisted any modernization of British industry that infringing on shop-hardened rituals. The unions' push for wages, backed by a proclivity for wildcat strikes unmatched in



STRIKING DOCK WORKERS IN LIVERPOOL

Scarcely a segment of society that is not in some way responsible.

hand may have reached \$500 million or more in a support of the foreign-exchange market not seen since the day of John Kennedy's assassination.

The Economic Doctors. Bank of England Governor Sir Leslie O'Brien had gone to Basel over the weekend to negotiate a loan from the Bank for International Settlements. The pound steadied on the news of a new loan, then weakened when the amount turned out to be only \$250 million—just enough to cover an installment on a loan owed the International Monetary Fund and due on Dec. 1. The *Economist* last week tartly referred to this loan as "an hors d'oeuvre." At midweek the BBC reported that Wilson was going to get a loan of \$1 billion from the Group of Ten, the free world's leading financial powers, whose representatives were then meeting in Paris' elegant Château de la Muette. Next day the pound struggled upward, only to nosedive once more when Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan, speaking in the House of Com-

mons, would be no improvement at all over the current year. In July, Callaghan had said publicly: "Those who advocate devaluation are calling for a reduction in wage standards of every member of the working class in this country." Now, he told Wilson, he had concluded that Britain would have to devalue, that "there's a point at which determination becomes obstinacy"—and that he had now passed that point. Exports were hardly rising, he told his boss, and yet enough wage increases had crept past the barrier of the Labor Party's price and income squeeze so that rising demand kept imports growing at an alarming rate.

The subject of devaluation began to be furtively bruited about among small groups of Wilson's ministers for the next several days, but it was not taken up at a formal Cabinet meeting until last Thursday. At the meeting the government made its decision to devalue. That afternoon, Callaghan had to go before the Commons to answer questions

any country, sent hourly earnings soaring some 40% from 1960 to 1966. While Britain's productivity grew by only 18%, West Germany's was rising 29% and Italy's 40%. The result was that British goods were priced out of the market, while Britons used their money to buy more and more foreign, imported goods.

Britain's pretensions to playing the role of a great power added to her trade-imbalance difficulties. She still keeps fairly large worldwide defense commitments, last year gave \$630 million in foreign aid. For most countries, their money is their own, to use as they wish abroad. But the British pound, as a reserve currency, is used much like an international money by traders and central banks the world over. The U.S. can afford to let its money be used by others; Britain, needing every penny it mints, no longer can, but has long insisted on continuing to try. The result is that when the Bank of England is driven to the wall to defend sterling, it may discover that as much as 75% of the supply of pounds extant is in the hands of foreigners—and out of reach.

No Panacea. Only twice before in the 20th century have Britain's economic troubles required a devaluation of the pound, and both times the step was taken by Labor governments. Britain's first devaluation was in 1931, when it went off the gold standard in the midst of the Great Depression; that move forever tarnished Labor Prime Minister Ramsey MacDonald's image in his party. The second was Attlee's in 1949, when none other than Harold Wilson, then head of the Board of Trade, took a major part in planning the devaluation. Properly done, a devaluation can turn a nation's trade deficit into a surplus practically overnight. It is not, however, a politician's panacea, since it means initially a sharp reduction in the standard of living of the devaluing nation's citizenry as manufacturers' profits decline and the cost of what a workman buys goes up.

Last week's devaluation forever shattered an article of faith, solemnly sworn to by governments on both sides of the Atlantic, that unilateral devaluation was no longer possible, since it would dismember the many fragile and intricate international monetary mechanisms that have developed since 1949. Keeping those mechanisms oiled and balanced is the task of the international banking community's senior members, who are usually referred to as The Club. The Club works with the International Monetary Fund in Washington and the Bank for International Settlements in Basel, the official bankers to countries.

No country has kept The Club busier or given it more nightmares than Britain, whose economy has palpitated in maddeningly regular intervals through a dozen sterling crises in 18 years. The pattern soon became all too familiar: a period of expansion leading straight to the brink of bankruptcy for sterling at

\$2.80, then a rescue loan to buy time while the government damped down the economy. Once a spell of austerity built up Britain's reserves anew, governments invariably felt politically impelled to relax restrictions and let the whole expansion-to-the-brink process begin again.

"To Save the Pound." When Prime Minister Harold Wilson and the Socialists took power late in 1964, the pound was in one of its deeper malaises. Before he took office Wilson had warned the Commons that "devaluation would be regarded all over the world as an acknowledgment of defeat, a recognition that we are not on a springboard but a slide." Still, there were those who argued, and last week saw their arguments vindicated, that Wilson's first act as Prime Minister should have been devaluation. He could justifiably have laid the blame on 13 years of Tory mismanagement and cleared the slate for the fundamental overhaul of the economy needed to make his Socialist dreams of progress for the country at least feasible.

Instead, to the profound dismay of Labor's left wing and the trade unions, he set in motion the classic Tory remedies for the "stop" part of the stop-go cycle and, moreover, set them in motion awkwardly. First came a 15% surcharge on imports, a small tax incentive to exporters and a vague plan for regulating wage increases. When that failed to stem the run on the pound, Wilson raised the bank rate from 5% to the "crisis level" of 7%. The panic only increased, so Wilson appealed to the Club. Bank of England Governor Lord Cromer and the professionals of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board got on the transatlantic phones. Working all through one night, they secretly rallied their central banker colleagues around the world and came up with \$3 billion in pledges to rescue the pound.

The speculators were beaten off, and the pound gradually recovered, until the next expansion-fueled strain on sterling's resources. It came in July of last year. To meet it, Wilson took, as he told President Johnson, "steps that have not been taken by any other democratic government in the world." He froze wages and prices for six months, to be followed by another half-year of "great restraint." Government-invested programs were slashed by \$370 million, indirect taxes raised 10% and another 10% surcharge slapped on higher income brackets. Wilson told the British people that the massive austerity was required "to save the pound."

Hitlerian Mistakes. The pound, as it turned out last week, was not to be saved this time, despite nearly 18 months of Wilsonian deflation that has pushed unemployment up to 555,000 in a work force of 20 million, slowed the country's industrial growth to a meager 1.5% and created widespread dissatisfaction with Wilson's stewardship as Prime Minister. A Gallup poll published last week, before devaluation,

found Wilson's "the most unpopular of all postwar governments" in Britain. Another poll a week earlier indicated that an election now would produce a landslide Tory victory, installing Edward Heath as Prime Minister with a 150-seat majority in the House of Commons. In the past 18 months Labor has lost six of eleven by-elections, as many as Harold Macmillan's troubled Tory regime dropped in five years in office.

Wilson is in almost as much trouble within his own party. The utopian Socialists condemn him for sacrificing theory to the hard facts of economic life. The leftists and unionists suspect him of endorsing "a permanent pool of unemployment" to encourage holding wages in check. When National Coal Board Chairman Lord Robens announced two weeks ago that mine em-



CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER CALLAGHAN
More bitter medicine to come.

ployment would drop by 80% in the next twelve years, angry groups of mine-workers threatened to pull out of Labor and start a new political party. Major business leaders that Wilson had drawn into government service have been resigning, and the predictable fire from the Tory business community at a Socialist Prime Minister has been heavier than normal. Imperial Chemical Industries Chairman Sir Paul Chambers recently accused Wilson of making the same economic mistake as Hitler.

Purely Domestic. Having sworn so long to defend the pound against even the idea of devaluation, Harold Wilson gave plenty of new ammunition to the Tories when he broke his word. Tory Leader Ted Heath greeted the news by saying, "I utterly condemn the government for devaluing the pound," but Quintin Hogg, the Tories' shadow Home Secretary, made a more telling thrust: "People are angry and humiliated by this decision," he said. "At last they will realize that the Labor government cannot govern with its financial policies."

Still, few feel that Harold Wilson is

about to lose his job. Though the Tories would certainly demand a censure vote, Wilson, with Labor's 80-plus-seat majority, would almost as certainly win it. And unlike Attlee, who devalued in 1949 with only a few months of his term left, Wilson has until 1971 before he must call a general election. If devaluation at last begins to set Britain on the road to economic health, Wilson could go to the country by then with less trepidation.

The question in Britain, and around the world, was whether the devaluation would really work. The bankers of The Club are understandably a skeptical lot where British promises are concerned. Early last week several dismissed talk of devaluation. "A temporary respite," said the Deutsche Bank's Hermann Abs. "Not a real solution," observed Swiss Union Bank Chairman Dr. Alfred Schaefer. "Devaluation alone would only be a temporary measure," said Bank of America President Rudi Peterson. The British are well aware that devaluation alone is not enough. Chancellor Callaghan indicated that the government would couple it with enough muscle at home to ensure a turnaround into the black in the balance of payments of "\$1.2 billion a year." The giant Trades Union Congress was due to meet this week to discuss voluntary wage restraints, essential to ensure that a new round of wage and price increases does not quickly nullify the gains of the devaluation. But the feeling abroad was that Wilson had devalued as a purely domestic political move, being unwilling to suffer the political consequences of imposing the strict economic reforms that the world banking community is convinced Britain needs.

The Larger Market. The ripples of the pound's plunge inevitably reach far beyond Britain. The U.S. had long pressed massive loans on Wilson in lieu of devaluation because it feared the effect on the dollar. "If it can happen to sterling," observed one Treasury consultant, "people are sure to ask, can't it happen to the dollar too?" Some probing speculation against the dollar this week seemed likely.

Perhaps the most positive effect of devaluation could be on Britain's application for Common Market membership. Most economists believe that Britain's final economic salvation lies in a larger market. In devaluing, Britain has fulfilled one of Charles de Gaulle's—and the Common Market Commission's—two stated requirements for entry. The other is the gradual dropping of sterling as a reserve currency, which Wilson's emissaries to Europe have already agreed to consider. Devaluation thus constitutes a major step toward meeting Europe's conditions. The real question, though, is whether Harold Wilson will follow it up with the toughness and tenacity that will be required if Britain is really to reap any lasting benefit from last week's disturbing step.

FRANCE

The American Challenge

"Will you get rid of De Gaulle," asked President Kennedy in 1963, "or will De Gaulle get rid of you?" The question, addressed to young French Publisher Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, was meant only partly as a joke. Even then, Servan-Schreiber was the most eloquent, most influential—and most consistent—critic that *le vieux Charles* had to endure. As a liberal who believed in the West, he abhorred De Gaulle's rejection of the U.S. and Britain as partners in the development of Europe. As publisher of the weekly news magazine *L'Express*, he has con-



SERVAN-SCHREIBER ON DAILY RUN
The theory was anything but trivial.

stantly attacked Gaullist protectionism as symbolic of "the old France and a petrified Europe." Last week all of France was arguing about a new Servan-Schreiber book that, despite its title, *Le Défi Américain (The American Challenge)*, is far more anti-De Gaulle than anti-American.

In the four weeks since it was published, the book has sold 150,000 copies, a French record. It has been reviewed by every reputable French publication. It has been read by practically all the members of the National Assembly and cited by politicians of almost every stripe. De Gaulle himself has not deigned to comment publicly, but he reportedly told a friend that the book was "an irrefutable analysis—but the theory is trivial."

Third Power. The theory is anything but trivial. All of Western Europe, says Servan-Schreiber, 43, is being taken

over by American industry, which is better organized, more computerized and far more imaginative than anything the Europeans, including France, can produce. Already, the Americans control 50% of European transistor production, 80% of computer production and large percentages of the Continent's heavy industry and oil. In France, U.S. firms produce 65% of agricultural products and telecommunication equipment, 45% of synthetic rubber. Unless Europe wakes up soon, says Servan-Schreiber, "the third industrial power in the world in 15 years, after the U.S. and Russia, could well be not Europe, but American industry in Europe."

Even more alarming to Servan-Schreiber is the fact that 90% of the capital needed to finance this "American invasion" was raised from European investors eager to take part in U.S. ventures. "What threatens us," he writes, "is not a torrent of riches. The war is being fought against us not with dollars, oil, tons of steel or even modern machines, but with creative imagination and a talent for organization." Last week Servan-Schreiber told *TIME* Correspondent James Wilde: "What America has done is to change the entire concept of culture, the values of civilization. The new American culture is not Chartres or Versailles, but the organization of talent. The Americans organize intelligence so that it creates. They have an industrial and scientific strategy. That's real culture."

We Must Change. To meet the challenge, he believes, "we must change. We must change our educational system, our tax system, our whole intellectual outlook." The changes also involve the European Common Market, which Servan-Schreiber is convinced must be expanded to include Britain and allowed to operate by majority decision rather than being restricted by the veto power that De Gaulle insists is the right of all member states. De Gaulle understands none of these facts, Servan-Schreiber told Wilde. "He's an old man with a 19th century mind. He doesn't understand economics. He's a historic monument, like Notre Dame. If France is ever to be modernized, De Gaulle must leave before 1970."

WEST GERMANY

Socialist Showdown

Gone from the hall in Bad Godesberg were the usual red flags with which West Germany's Socialist party has always announced its allegiance to the workers. Instead, as the Socialists met in emergency session last week, they faced decorations of totally nonpolitical yellow chrysanthemums. The switch was both intentional and symbolic. The leaders of the Social Democrats are trying to turn the world's oldest Socialist party (104 years) into a more broadly based "people's party." The trouble with the effort is that it has raised a storm of protest from the trade unions, long

the backbone of the party. The unions angrily charge that the party has sold out its Socialist principles in return for a role as junior partner to the conservative Christian Democrats in Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger's eleven-month-old Grand Coalition.

Particularly Furious. The Socialists have been out of power in Germany for 36 years, ever since they served briefly in the Weimar Republic coalition. Now that they have the responsibility of government, things look different than when they merely opposed. The unions accuse them of acting like reactionaries—of dismantling the German welfare system because they voted to impose small prescription and health-insurance fees on pensioners, of sabotaging the coal-mining Ruhr because they refuse to block U.S. oil imports, and of giving aid and comfort to capitalists because Socialist Economics Minister Karl Schiller has pumped government spending into industry instead of giving bigger unemployment benefits to workers. The discontent has grown so great that it has threatened to undercut the positions of the Socialist leaders in Bonn and to paralyze the workings of the coalition.

Alarmed by this development, Party Boss Willy Brandt, the coalition's Foreign Minister, called the emergency conference to enable the unions and local politicians to let off steam. Both groups are particularly furious at Herbert Wehner, the terrible-tempered party strategist of the coalition. They blame him for coming all too speedily to the troubled Christian Democrats' rescue by agreeing to a coalition, thus depriving the Socialists of a chance to take over completely in the next election.

Wehner and Socialist ministers in the coalition defended their actions as necessary for Germany's welfare, promised to press hard for Socialist goals when the country can better afford

them. Brandt managed to defuse the conference by warning the Christian Democrats not to expect the Socialists to be "meek as lambs." "I call the Grand Coalition neither a marriage of love nor a shotgun marriage," he said, "but a question of practical politics." After that, the Socialist delegates departed, considerably meeker themselves.

Political Polarization. For the moment, Brandt and his ministers had staved off a revolt and saved the coalition at a time when it needed a new display of confidence. Though it has been able to straighten out the country's tangled budget, halt the recession and initiate a new and more independent foreign policy, the coalition has had one negative effect. By uniting West Germany's two dominant parties in one center-oriented government, it has blocked out effective parliamentary opposition on both the right and left. As a result, those who do not like the government's actions have tended to migrate to small "extra-parliamentary" opposition groups at either extreme of the political spectrum.

On the far right, the National Democrats made their best showing yet in the recent Bremen state elections and, if present trends continue, may place as many as 20 or 30 delegates in the Bundestag after the 1969 elections. On the left, most of Germany's intellectuals have deserted the Socialists—who have suffered the most serious vote losses—for nihilistic New Left parties and a Red-fronting German Peace Union. German politicians consider this polarization to be a warning that the Grand Coalition must get on with its mission of modernizing West Germany's archaic political structure and then split up. Only then will the country have again a strong two-party system that can direct dissent into constructive channels, thus preventing it from becoming the property of political extremists.



DEBRAY UNDER GUARD
Exactly as he demanded.

BOLIVIA

Unwitting Betrayal

While they were close friends and joint participants in the recent guerrilla uprising in Bolivia, French Marxist Jules Régis Debray and Castroite Guerrilla Che Guevara unwittingly betrayed each other. The betrayal cost Che his life last month. Last week Debray paid with his freedom. After a 53-day trial in the steaming Bolivian oil town of Camiri, a military court found the dashing young (27) French intellectual guilty of murder, theft and rebellion. It sentenced him to 30 years in prison.

Tip on Che. A confidant of Fidel Castro and the author of a new handbook on guerrilla warfare (*Revolution in the Revolution?*), Debray was captured last April as he walked out of an abandoned guerrilla camp in the Andean foothills. With him were Argentine Painter Ciro Roberto Bustos, who stood trial with Debray, and British Freelance Photographer George Roth, who was later released. At first, Debray claimed that he was a journalist on assignment for a Mexican magazine and backed up his claim by describing how he had interviewed Che Guevara in the bush. That gave the Bolivian government its first real evidence that the elusive Che was actually leading the guerrilla movement, and the army immediately stepped up its anti-guerrilla offensive to try to get him. Eventually, it stamped out most of the 50-member band and captured and executed Che himself.

It also captured Che's diaries and decoded messages, which clearly showed that Debray (whose guerrilla code name was "Danton") was no mere journalist. Evidence from the diaries presented during the trial indicated that Debray was actually a courier between Guevara ("Ramon") and Fidel Castro ("Leche"), who was supplying money, arms, training and medicines to the revolution-



BRANDT & WEHNER AT SOCIALIST CONFERENCE IN BAD GODESBERG
Neither love nor shotgun in the marriage.

aries. "The Frenchman wants to join us," Che wrote in his diary March 21. "I asked him to go organize a network of support in France, where he would return after passing through Havana. He wants to marry his girl and have a son." Then on March 25: "Long oral report on the situation to the Frenchman. We decided to call the movement the National Liberation Front of Bolivia."

After a month in the high jungle wilderness, Debray became anxious to return to France and get on with his task. "The Frenchman," Guevara wrote, "dwells too vehemently on the usefulness of his foreign mission." In early April, Guevara gave the impatient Debray three options: "First, continue with us. Second, get out alone. Third, go to

THE WAR

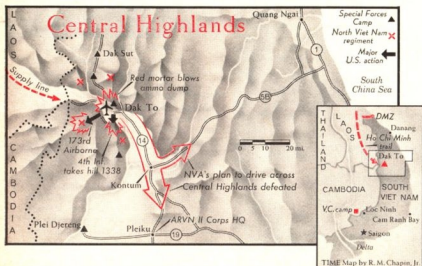
Victory in the Valley

Of all the varied and difficult terrain in South Viet Nam, the jungled peaks and malarial valleys of the Central Highlands would seem least worth winning. Scant crops grow there, and scarcely any Vietnamese live there. The triple canopy of jungle foliage shadows the ground in a perpetual, skyless twilight. But, on the Highlands border where Laos and Cambodia meet, there is a valuable piece of real estate: a natural valley that funnels through the worst border mountains out into the gentler highland countryside rolling down to the sea. Astride the valley sits Dak To, until three weeks ago a dusty airstrip guarded by one U.S. battalion

mortarmen did manage to inflict some spectacular damage on Dak To before pulling back. Firing 82-mm. mortars from less than two miles away, the Communists destroyed two big C-130 transport planes sitting on the Dak To airstrip. Then, in a second attack the same day, they scored a direct hit on the hastily built-up Dak To ammunition dump. For the next eight hours U.S. soldiers in and around Dak To cowered in their bunkers while tracer bullets arced in all directions, flares popped like fireworks and shells exploded. Seven tons of C-4 plastic explosive went off simultaneously, producing the largest blast of the Viet Nam war. A 1,000-ft. ball of fire shot upward, lighting the whole valley and billowing into a mushroom cloud. The shock wave knocked men off their feet half a mile away and all but destroyed the Special Forces camp. Astonishingly, no one was killed, and only three men were injured in the holocaust.

Prowling the Grounds. Meanwhile, the grinding battle in the hills around Dak To continued, as U.S. infantrymen hunted for an enemy ever more reluctant to come out and fight. Some of the toughest combat took place four miles south of Dak To. Fourth Division infantrymen, in a fierce seven-hour firefight, finally blasted the North Vietnamese off Hill 1338, a peak 4,000 ft. above the Dak To valley floor, from which Communist rocketeers could have zeroed in on U.S. emplacements. Ten miles to the southwest, men of the 173rd seized Hill 889, tenaciously defended by the Communists because it supported an antiaircraft gun. And at week's end, heavy fighting erupted anew as a 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) Battalion flushed a force of North Vietnamese Army regulars on a mountain flank hard by the Laotian border.

In nearby Cambodia, three American newsmen—the U.P.I.'s Ray Herndon and the A.P.'s Horst Faas and George McArthur—took Cambodian Prince Norodom Sihanouk up on his offer to prove, if they could, that the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong were using Cambodia as a sanctuary. Armed with specific map coordinates from U.S. intelligence in Saigon, they uncovered a headquarters complex only nine miles from the South Vietnamese town of Loc Ninh, which the Communists unsuccessfully attacked three weeks ago; the complex included a well-stocked dispensary, officers' quarters, storage facilities and huts for some 500 men. Leading towards the Vietnamese border was a road paved with six-inch-diameter logs for trucks, and truck tracks were everywhere. Back in Phnompenh, Sihanouk promised a full investigation but said that he found it hard to believe that the camp was permanent. U.P.I. man Herndon, however, had foresightedly prowled the camp grounds and came up with some important Viet Cong vouchers. Their dates ranged from as early as February right up to Nov. 1.



[the town of] Gutierrez," and make his way back to La Paz. Debray chose the third alternative, and toward mid-April he left the camp with Bustos and Roth—only to be captured a few hours later.

An Integral Part. Faced with the overwhelming evidence against him and depressed over the death of Che, Debray finally changed his story and, in effect, pleaded guilty. "I want to make clear," he told the court, "that this mission of mine to tell people abroad of the aims of the guerrillas is an integral part of revolutionary work. In this sense, I not only affirm but demand that the tribunal consider me morally and politically co-responsible for the acts of my guerrilla comrades." And so it did; Bustos, his Argentine comrade, was sentenced at the same time to 30 years. After the sentencing, the Bolivian army seemed determined to close the whole Debray matter, which has become a *cause célèbre* in France. The court's legal adviser denied permission for any appeals and, as defense attorneys rose to protest, Court President Efraim Gaudalla banged his gavel so angrily that it snapped in two, and then adjourned the court.

and a 500-man Vietnamese paramilitary unit in a Special Forces camp.

Flores Like Fireworks. The North Vietnamese obviously saw Dak To as not much of an obstacle to their plan to sweep down through the valley to overrun the town of Kontum, then turn eastwards for a damaging drive into the Highlands' heart (see map). Four regiments of North Vietnamese, some 10,000 men strong, began positioning themselves in the hills around Dak To. The U.S. watched the buildup carefully, monitoring it with infrared body-heat detectors mounted in planes, "sniffer" helicopters able to locate hidden groups of men by their sweat, and covert, long-range reconnaissance teams operating in the jungles. Three weeks ago, the U.S. began pouring reinforcements into Dak To, joining the battle for access to the Highlands before the North Vietnamese were ready. By last week, as the fighting went on, some 10,000 allied troops had entered the battle and in 18 days had killed 764 Communist soldiers v. 136 U.S. dead. It became clear that the Communists were not going to get a military victory at Dak To.

A few accurate North Vietnamese

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NORTH VIET NAM

The Trials of Ho

For his "contributions to the struggle against imperialism," Moscow recently conferred the Order of Lenin on Ho Chi Minh. Last week Ho said no. He asked for a delay "until the day when our people have driven off the U.S. imperialist aggressors and completely liberated our fatherland." Since that day does not seem imminent, even to North Viet Nam's intransigent leaders, Ho must wonder, at 77 and in none-too-vigorous health, whether he will ever wear Moscow's medal.

What will happen when Ho goes? For two decades his personality has provided the cement for one of the most stable Communist regimes in the world. Unlike China, whose collective leadership around Mao averages the venerable age of nearly 70, North Viet Nam's leaders are uniformly a generation younger than Ho. No matter who succeeds Ho, Western analysts see little hope of any major change in Hanoi's tough, tenacious policy.

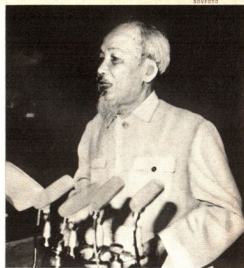
Son of a Mandarin. The most likely successor to Ho as President is Premier Pham Van Dong, 59, who already presides over much of the government's day-to-day business and is by far the most visible man in the Hanoi hierarchy. The son of a mandarin who was the private secretary to Emperor Duy Tan, Dong became a nationalist during his student days, and in 1925 went to Canton and joined Ho, who was already training Communist cadres for revolution in Viet Nam. They have been together ever since. Dong headed Ho's delegation at the 1954 Geneva Conference, was made Premier in 1955. It was Dong, speaking before North Viet Nam's 366-man National Assembly in 1965, who first spelled out Hanoi's now famous "four points" for the settlement of the war, stipulating U.S. withdrawal and a neutral, reunified Viet Nam "in accordance with the program" of the Viet Cong.

After Ho, North Viet Nam may well inherit a Russian-style rule by collegium. With Dong as President, the party chieftainship now held by Ho would likely go to the shadowy Le Duan, 59, the Central Committee's first secretary and chief whip behind North Viet Nam's attempt to seize South Viet Nam. General Vo Nguyen Giap, 56, the Defense Minister and man in charge of North Viet Nam's armed forces, would almost certainly join Dong and Le Duan in any leadership trioka.

It was once fashionable among Hanoiologists to divide the North Vietnamese leadership into hawks and doves, hard-lining pro-Chinese and more flexible pro-Moscow factions. The pressures of all-out war have long since buried such fine distinctions, if they ever existed at all. All the evidence coming out of Hanoi indicates a unified opposition to negotiations of any kind and for any purpose with the United



PHAM VAN DONG



HO CHI MINH

Moscow's trioka, if not its medal.

States. As for his divided allies, Ho always scrupulously praises both Russia and China in the same breath, even though Moscow insists that it is now providing more than 80% of North Viet Nam's wherewithal to carry on the war under U.S. aerial pressure.

Rotting Cargoes. That pressure went up one more notch last week when U.S. planes for the first time bombed a boat-building and repair yard near the center of Haiphong, adding a new target to the overall effort to isolate the port city. Air Force photographs show that each day Haiphong looks less and less like a working port. As many as a dozen ships flying British, Russian and Polish flags are frequently tied up waiting to unload. Cargoes are stacked up, rusting and rotting, on the docks and jammed under every bit of covered space. All four bridges leading out of the city, which is essentially an island, have been bombed into the water.

Nature is also working against Haiphong. Much like New Orleans, Haiphong harbor silts up rapidly and must be dredged frequently to keep its channel navigable. No large dredges have dared work for the past two years, and already the bottom has built up an average of six to eight inches, so that at low tide docked ships already rest on sludge in places. Even when the North Vietnamese succeed in getting their vital supplies out of Haiphong, systematic U.S. bombing has raised other obstacles. Of the 14,000 trucks that Hanoi has received from Russia in the past three years, according to U.S. intelligence estimates, 9,000 have been destroyed by bombing.

Ho and Co. fully expect—and have so informed recent visitors—that before the war is over Hanoi and Haiphong will both be leveled to the ground. The North Vietnamese have built a cave-dwelling system for Ho and the government in the Thai Nguyen hills north of Hanoi. Ho already spends a good deal of time there.

CHINA

Army in Command

The People's Liberation Army of China has always been much more than just an army. A highly indoctrinated force whose 2,700,000 troopers hold their guns in one hand and the teachings of Mao Tse-tung in the other, it has been described by Mao himself as "an armed body for carrying out the political tasks of the revolution." An elite force, it can pick and choose its members from the 5,000,000 or so Chinese who come of military age each year, and it has long been a primary training ground for party leaders. While seeking to provide for China's defense, it has also frequently taken direct part in domestic affairs, from running land-reclamation projects to acting as the "great school" for revolutionary militancy. Now the P.L.A. faces a task of greater magnitude than any it has ever before confronted short of war. In its effort to clean up the wreckage of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, it has practically taken over the running of China.

No Mistakes. Mao and his friends still sit in Peking, of course, steering China's overall course. But the Cultural Revolution so severely battered all normal channels of control and command—the party and government bureaucracies, the factories, farms and schools—that only the army remains with enough organizational integrity and discipline to pull the country back from anarchy. The P.L.A.'s commanders and fighters (its egalitarian bent permits no ranks) have practically taken political control of China: nearly all of the country's 26 provinces and regions are run by army men, and they are the only visible authority in five. Soldiers are in the schools, in many state ministries, in the factories and even in the fields. In some instances they are actually on production lines, or running railroads; in others, they are busy restoring law and order and knocking heads together. Last



P.L.A. MARCHING & QUOTING MAO
Teachers in the "great school."

week, as the semiannual Canton trade fair opened a month late, heavily armed soldiers patrolled the fair site with fixed bayonets—the first time in the fair's eleven-year history that such protection has been felt necessary. "Now we must rely on the army," Defense Minister Lin Piao said recently, "and it must not make mistakes."

Peking has just launched a new campaign in which the army will step in and help China's political cadres, most of whom were condemned and ostracized as revisionists during the Cultural Revolution, to regain the positions from which they were ousted. Since these officials ordinarily have personal contacts with the people and carry out orders from the top, their absence has rendered chaotic the day-to-day administration of public affairs. The army's new task, said Peking's *People's Daily*, is to help them to "educate and emancipate themselves" on the job.

No Exams. P.L.A. men have also been asked to halt all factional squabbling between revolutionary groups, to rebuild the organizational structures shattered by the Cultural Revolution and to bring back to the fold badly needed technicians and managers ousted or frightened away by Red Guard rable-rousing. As the *de facto* government in most of China, the army is also expected to recognize—and support—"true Maoist revolutionaries" as opposed to the troublemakers. Wherever the Cultural Revolution still seems to be gaining ground, it is almost invariably under the aegis of the army, a fact that leads

some Sinologists to conclude that the P.L.A. may eventually set up a military dictatorship in China.

The P.L.A. men have even been made truants of sorts. They are busy trying to bring the kids back to school and keep them there, after that swinging 18-month holiday in which China's youngsters made revolution but no progress in their schooling. Orders for the reopening of schools went out in the spring and again last summer, but were mostly ignored; only 25% of the country's 800,000 college students and its 14 million middle-school pupils have actually gone back to their desks. To help re-enrollment along, army men are conducting study groups in Mao-think and are bossing paramilitary training for the students. One other lure: they are getting ready to do away with exams in all the schools.

BURMA

Break with Neutrality

Ne Win, the ascetic Burmese ruler, never was a man for glad-handing foreign visitors or rubbing elbows with his people. In recent months, the onetime army commander has become even more of a recluse than before. Since midsummer, he has not been seen in public, has met with no members of the press and has limited his contacts among Burmese political leaders to a small handful of inside advisers. Ne Win has good reason to be withdrawn and moody. Right now, Burma has as many troubles as any country in Southeast Asia.

Peking Troublemaking. Ne Win's "Socialist Way," which called for the nationalization of just about everything, continues to lead straight to economic chaos. When Ne Win took over five years ago, Burma was the world's biggest rice exporter; now it produces barely enough to feed itself. The government is trying to persuade Burmese to switch their diet to wheat, which can be imported cheaply. The state-run distribution system has become so chaotic that it has almost choked off the flow of food and goods within the country. Burma's standard of living, never very high, is steadily sinking.

The outlook on the political front is even more grave. Since the rupture in friendly relations with China last June, Peking has openly called for a people's revolt. Radio Peking last week urged the Burmese to fight "until the Burmese Chiang Kai-shek is dead." Toward that end, Peking is funneling money and supplies to an army of 5,000 guerrillas who are known as the "White Flags," the local name for the Peking-lining Communist Party of Burma. During the past four months, they have attacked and held for as long as two days no fewer than nine important towns in the rice-growing crescent north of Rangoon. In one week in October, the White Flags blew up three trains on the government-owned railroad, killing or wounding at least 30 people.

The Communists are also attempting to win control over the back-country tribesmen, who have been in rebellion against the Rangoon government ever since Burma won independence 20 years ago. The main targets of the Communists are the warlike Karen tribesmen on the Eastern border with Thailand and the Shan and Kachin tribes, who live along the 1,200-mile border with China. So far, the Communists have had only limited success; the tribesmen distrust the Chinese just as much as they distrust Ne Win. Even so, the Communists claim that Ne Win's regime controls only about two-thirds of the country by day, less than half by night. That is not far from right.

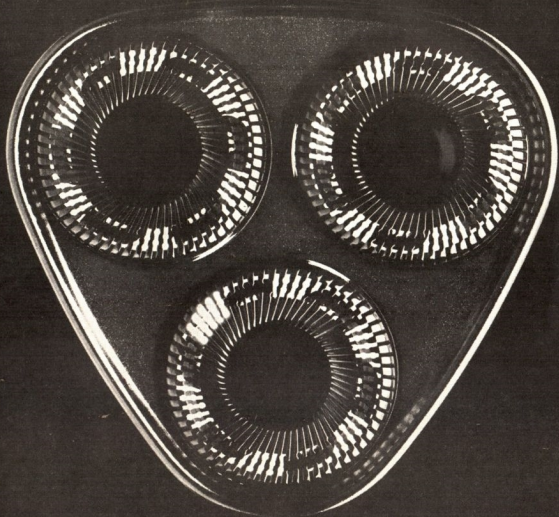
U.S. Caution. Faced with the insurgency threat, Ne Win has gradually backed off from his old aloof position as a 200% neutral. He now seeks aid wherever he can find it. A Russian mission went to Burma a few months ago and discussed the possibility of a sizable Soviet aid commitment. When Premier Eisaku Sato visited Rangoon earlier this month, Ne Win made a pitch for stepped-up payments of Japanese reparations. German Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger goes to Burma later this month, and Ne Win is expected to ask him for increased German aid. There are also reports in Rangoon about big shipments of U.S. counterinsurgency weaponry and of the presence of a U.S. training mission to teach Burmese pilots to fly newly delivered F-86 jet fighters. Washington officials stress that the U.S. intends to avoid any deep commitment in Burma—and with good reason. The country's rapid rate of deterioration makes South Viet Nam seem almost a model of stability.

THE PHILIPPINES

Victory for the Non-Candidate

Though it was not a presidential election, the President's political life was at stake. Last week's national polling in the Philippines was held to fill eight of the 24 seats in the Senate, the governorships of 65 provinces and 1,427 town and city halls. The man who campaigned hardest—and had the most to win or lose—was a non-candidate, President Ferdinand Marcos, 50. Marcos chose to make the election a referendum on his two-year record of land reform, public works and school construction, also saw it as an opportunity to win control of his often rebellious Senate. Dressed in sport shirt and slacks, he showed up at as many as four campaign rallies a night and traveled 10,000 miles around the country, asking the electorate to keep the Philippines "on the move" by voting for his Nacionalista Party candidates.

Many in the Philippines felt that Marcos needlessly imperiled his programs by tying them to the outcome of local elections, but the gamble paid off. When the votes were counted, Marcos had won an overwhelming victory. Filipino voters elected 50 Nacionalista govern-



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nors, 1,050 Nacionalista mayors—including those of every important city except Manila—and six Nacionalista senators, enough to give Marcos the majority he needed. So loquacious was the vote, in fact, that it seemed to make the youthful President an almost certain winner if, as expected, he decides to run for re-election in 1969.

TANZANIA

Dressing Up the Masai

For centuries, the nomadic Masai tribesmen have loped like lions across their vast grazing plains near Mount Kilimanjaro, wearing nothing much more confining than a breechcloth of calico. Even in recent years, the Masai have continued to carry spears, smear their bodies with a red ochre pigment, hang weighty haubles in their pendulous ear lobes and quaff their favorite brew of clotted steers' blood, curdled milk and cow urine. Now Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere has decided that it is time for the Masai to pick up some civilized habits. In a policy designed to stamp out "ancient, unhealthy customs," he has ordered the 100,000 Masai to put on some clothes, abandon their tribal rituals and start doing their share toward reaching the goals he holds for Tanzania.

"Noble Savage," Nyerere has turned over the job of Westernizing the Masai to Aaron Weston Mkwang'ata, the commissioner of the territory in which most of them live. Mkwang'ata has instructed tribesmen to throw away their animal skins and skimpy loincloths and "dress in something better than a dirty sheet or a meager yard of cloth that exhibits your buttocks," has also warned them against allowing tourists to "take your naked pictures." He has backed up his crusade with penalties. In the past few weeks, about 250 Masai caught disobeying the new regulations have been locked up briefly in cells in the regional center, Arusha. Hundreds of young Masai have been drafted into a kind of national construction corps in which they must wear olive green fatigues, floppy jungle hats and heavy boots. If necessary, says Mkwang'ata, police are prepared to herd the Masai into mass baths, burn their ceremonial garb in public and shave off their ochered hair.

With Western clothes on, the Masai may lose their lucrative business of posing for camera-carrying tourists for a 1-shilling (14¢) fee; they adopt a menacing pose for 2 shillings. Nyerere, who himself usually wears a Chinese-style boiler suit, does not seem to care about the tourist revenues that he may lose. His policy reflects not only the prudish nationalism of his socialist state but a black backlash against foreigners who, Mkwang'ata claims, romanticize the Masai as "walking, talking specimens of the noble savage." However, as an English-language newspaper, the *Tanzania Standard*, points out, Nyerere's policy ignores one fact: "To dress lightly makes sense in the heat of the tropics."

Enlarged Wardrobes. Luckily for Nyerere, the government has an ally in the Masai chief, Edward Mbaroti, who moves among the tribes' picture-postcard elders dressed in pants, white shirt and knitted pullover. Named "Great Speaker of the Masai" in 1959, Mbaroti, who is in his 40s, has since urged his nomadic people to settle down and learn modern ways. The Masai seem resigned to ultimately becoming more Westernized. What will hurt them far more than having to enlarge their wardrobes is the government campaign to suppress their lion hunts and other deep cultural traditions. Last week the 50,000 Masai in neighboring Kenya—still photogenic in their loincloths—whooped it



CHIEF MBAROTI & WARRIORS
Baths and shaves, if need be.

up in their gala *ewunoto* initiation rite for new tribal elders. Though it is the most important of the Masai ceremonies, their brothers in Tanzania are unlikely to celebrate it ever again.

SOUTH YEMEN

Yoke of Independence

In its rush to rid itself of the weight of empire, Britain has often bestowed independence on lands that had no business accepting it. Botswana, for example, is an empty but now sovereign desert, Gambia a wriggle of jungle riverbank, and the Maldives a spatter of coral atolls mostly inhabited by starfish. Few lands, however, have been so ill-prepared to rule themselves as the Federation of South Arabia, which Britain announced last week will become independent by the end of November.

South Arabia consists of the port of Aden and 17 feudal satraps whose Bedouin tribesmen eat goat meat and carry everywhere their curved *djambias* (daggers). Its life has been disrupted and its British-sponsored federal government destroyed by four years of terrorism

and civil war. With the British will depart much of the country's economy. London paid most government expenses. British troops generated 30% of the country's gross national product, the British free port brought tourist dollars into Aden, and the British Petroleum Co. built the Federation's only significant industry—an oil refinery 25 miles from Aden. Even in the unlikely event that the British departure brings peace, it will throw at least 25% of the labor force out of work. And the new government will have to tackle the potentially disastrous job of changing a British-oriented wage structure that is inflated far beyond the country's means.

Crater Shells. The British hope to turn power over to a terrorist group known as the National Liberation Front, which has won the support of the Federation's 9,000-man army. But even as N.L.F. President Qahtan al Shaabi—who may become the country's first head of state—prepared to meet the British in Geneva this week to discuss the transfer of power, a rival terrorist group, FLOSY (Front for the Liberation of South Yemen), threatened to contest the N.L.F. takeover with violence. No wonder British Foreign Secretary George Brown told the House of Commons in wistful tones: "Her Majesty's government has not had an easy road to follow in bringing South Arabia to independence."

The British departure is all but complete. The tax-free shops of Aden's Steamer Point, which once swarmed with cruise-ship tourists, are now boarded up and deserted. The Crescent Hotel, hub of colonial life, is virtually empty. Aden harbor, no longer a port of call, was filled last week with the glowering grey warships of the British fleet, including the 43,000-ton aircraft carrier *H.M.S. Eagle*. All but 3,000 of the 12,000-man garrison have already been evacuated by ship and plane, most to British bases in Bahrain or Masqat and Oman; the rest will be gone by the middle of next week. Because terrorist units operating from Aden's seething Crater district have been lobbing mortar shells on the port and the city's Khormaksar airbase as a farewell gesture, the British have had to post two regiments in the district simply to protect their rear.

Guns on the Sea. The new nation, which will be known as South Yemen rather than South Arabia, hopes eventually to merge with neighboring Yemen. Meantime, it is asking the British to support it to the tune of \$55 million a year for three years. The N.L.F. intends to run the country along the lines of Arab socialism, but disavows any Communist leanings. It also plans a policy of "positive neutrality"—though its idea of neutrality sounds rather limited. Both the N.L.F. and FLOSY have promised to set up artillery positions commanding the mouth of the Red Sea. Once they are installed, the world's newest nation threatens to use its guns to try to close passage to Israeli shipping.

80 AND 100 PROOF, DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.



TURN ON A WHITE CHRISTMAS

Smirnoff really ignites a party. This crystal clear liquor dazzles your guests with color. Gleaming Screwdrivers and Bloody Marys. Merrier Mules. Modder Martinis. Punchier

punches. Smoother rocks. For holiday parties, no other liquor makes so many drinks so well. And when you're gift hunting, why guess the right whiskey? You *know* the right vodka.

Smirnoff® *leaves you breathless*
VODKA

We solve

Univac computers solve engineering problems that used to be unsolvable.

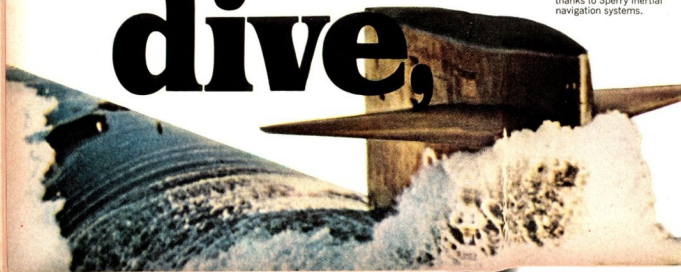


reap,

Your breakfast hot-cakes may have been "harvested" by a New Holland farm machine.

dive,

Nuclear subs cruise thousands of miles without surfacing, thanks to Sperry inertial navigation systems.





Our Sperry
flight control
systems keep
your airliner on
course and at
the proper altitude.

beam,

Your secretary types faster
and sharper because she uses a
Remington electric.



type,

We're synergistic.

That means we do a lot of different things at Sperry Rand. And we do each one better because we do all the rest.

It means the technical knowledge we get from solving one problem goes into the big pool of knowledge that helps us solve all the others.

It means we apply the same high standards whether we're making a Remington electric

shaver for your face or Sperry flight controls for your jet airliner.

It means we're uniquely able to create complex, complete systems out of products as diverse as Sperry gyroscopes and Vickers hydraulic controls and Univac computers.

Synergistic. It's like 2 and 2 adding up to 5.

It all adds up to more than it adds up to. At synergistic Sperry Rand.

 **We're Synergistic.**
SPERRY RAND

The words New Holland, Remington, Sperry, Sperry Rand, Univac and Vickers are trademarks of Sperry Rand.

If you have a piece of salami, take this simple test.



The first thing you have to do is empty your pockets of all gums, mints, and mouthwash, to insure against cheating.

Now, bite into the salami. (Isn't that delicious?)



O.K. Now uncap SpeakEasy aerosol mouthspray and spray. One spray, two sprays, three sprays, whatever you like.

Now for the beautiful part of the test: Kiss. (If you're bashful, you can explain that this is a perfectly scientific experiment, or part of some vast market research project...we're sure you can think of something.)

By now you should realize that this is one test no one can fail. Because if she (or he) says, "Phew, you smell from salami," it wasn't you that failed, it was the mouthspray.

And, as far as we know, SpeakEasy has never failed in a clinch.



A little minty winner.

THE DISTANT MESSAGE OF THE TRANSISTOR

IN terms of human lives, one of the most revolutionary inventions in this age of communication is the transistor radio. Those plangent little boxes, as large in sound as they are small in size, massaging the minds of ambling adolescents or committing public nuisances on train and bus and crowded beach, are hard to take seriously as a development in the tradition of the printing press. But in much the same way that printing opened up vast new possibilities to 15th century Europe, the transistor is letting in the world to hundreds of millions still isolated from the 20th century by geography, poverty and exploitation.

On the grassy Tanzanian plain a stately Masai herdsman strides behind his scrawny cattle, a lion-killing spear in one hand and a country-music-blaring Japanese transistor in the other. Transistors sway from the long necks of plodding camels deep in the Saudi desert, and from the horns of oxen plowing the furrows of Costa Rica. Radios are replacing the storytelling dervishes in the coffeehouses of Turkey and Iran, and they are standard equipment in the tea stalls of Pakistan. Thailand's *klongs* echo to transistor music from peddlers' sampans; a visitor to an Ecuadorian *minga*, in which the Indians come together for communal road building, calculated that at least one tiny transistor radio was sounding its unavoidable message every 20 yards along the two-mile road.

Radio has long been the window on the world for isolated areas, but the cheapness and portability of the transistor set has given the medium a new mobility and a new dimension—and a vast measure of influence. For Peru's 12 million inhabitants, there are more than 600 radio stations, and radio reaches the ears of virtually every man, woman and child in the country.* In Guatemala, six times as many people listen to radio as read newspapers. Black Africa, which had fewer than 400,000 radios in 1955, has at least 6,000,000 today. In rice field or rain forest, compound or kraal, the mere possession of a transistor radio confers status on its owner—who has perhaps gone hungry to make his down payment, and worked a little harder to keep up the installments. Thus, even before a sound emerges from it, the radio has exerted a social force. And once it is turned on, it is left on from morning to night, pouring out fuel for hopes and dreams. The possibilities that exist in this force are enormous. "If it were a question of getting the first road or the first radio into a village," says a Malaysian official, "I would choose radio any time."

Learning Through the Ears

The most important factor in radio's power is that it hurdles the literacy barrier. "I cannot read and I cannot write," says a Peruvian mining peon, in some wonder, "but I am learning through my ears." Highly conscious of what can be taught through hearing, a group of Peruvian businessmen, political leaders and educators founded and funded ERPA (Escuelas Radiofonicas Populares Americanas) with the aim of making listeners "better farmers, better cattle-men and better Peruvians." Operated as a nonprofit venture, ERPA is sending educational broadcasts to people who live as far as 15,000 ft. up in the Andes, offering organized study of such subjects as farming, health and home management, economics, religion, citizenship, sports and cooking.

Radio has become a major weapon in India's desperate campaigns to reduce the birth rate and increase the food supply. Still woefully short of transistors, the Indians have been experimenting with "Radio Rural Forums" in which clubs of 15 to 20 peasants listen twice a week to a program

of advice and carry the word to others. Family-planning units have been set up at radio stations that can reach half the population. One effect is that, hearing birth control discussed on the radio, the people even in remote towns are losing their inhibitions and are willing to discuss the subject freely. Educational efforts are cropping up in many parts of the world, sometimes with odd turns. In Malawi, the most popular song on the radio is a swinging exhortation to cleanliness and health written by Jack Allison, 23, a Peace Corps medical assistant from Fort Myers, Fla. Title: *Brush Away the Flies from Your Children's Eyes*. Educational radio is only in the beginning phase in the developing countries. In most of them, commercial broadcasting has taken a strong lead and is in command. In Thailand the selling became so incessant that last year commercials were banned entirely. Even as the war rages on in South Viet Nam, that country's commercial radio is reaching into the most remote huts through the transistor. *Montagnard* kids walk through the hills whistling the tunes of singing commercials.

Take Heed

It is the ubiquitous commercial, with its suggestion of the richer, more varied urban life, that is widely blamed for one of the negative effects of the radio revolution: the escalation of expectations far beyond the capacity for their fulfillment. One ugly manifestation of this in developing lands is the increasing surge of rural people to the cities, encrusting urban areas with fetid shantytowns and filling the streets with ragged peasants looking for nonexistent jobs. Another less critical but still unhappy result is cultural loss. A Mexican family's evening once focused on singing to the guitar, but this is rapidly giving way to the disk jockey.

A far greater capacity for ill effects from the transistor age lies in the demagogic use of radio by political leaders. A significant case in point is Gamal Abdel Nasser. He is virtually a creature of radio, having used it both within Egypt and internationally ever since he came to power. His Radio Cairo reaches out to all the Arab world and far beyond. With the spread of the transistor, this reach became longer and deeper. It took only one broadcast over Radio Cairo during the Middle East war to convince most of the Arab world that the U.S. and Britain were giving Israel air cover, and many still believe it.

Fortunately, and perhaps surprisingly, such gullibility has its limits. Radio Peking sends the strongest signal on the air in Brazil. It is sharply audible in the deepest Amazon jungle. Yet the Brazilian peasant seems to be pragmatic enough, and possibly cynical enough, that he is hard to convince by propaganda. He simply wants to learn things that are useful to him. Another fortunate fact is that the Peking programs are dull. If the Communists were capable of making their shows more appealing, the results might be devastating.

As more and more transistor sets pour into the hills and jungles and ghettos of the world, hundreds of millions of lives will be lured by them into the turbulence of this mid-century, with its hankering for anarchy, its hunger for more things and less labor. It is incalculably important that the developed nations of the world—and especially the U.S.—should take heed of the possibilities and perils that this prospect holds. The Voice of America, which in a way is tailoring its programming to the transistor listener—through short, bright bursts rather than long sequences—places its taped programs with local stations around the world. This is a start, but it is simply apparent that the Western democracies need to show increasing and intelligent concern. The distant message of the transistor is that the world is being opened into millions of ears, including those of the most isolated human beings, and what gets into their minds as a result will be of crucial importance.

* In the U.S., 98.1% of all people over 18 listen to the radio, according to a survey made for CBS, and 71.1% of these really listen, rather than use it as background while they do something else.

Sylvania lets



They ask questions. And get answers.

Because it's hooked into telephone lines.

We call it Blackboard-By-Wire. It's a new system that's about 1/50 the transmission cost of standard closed circuit TV. It's ideal for training programs, sales meetings, seminars, or any other long-distance group com-

munication need. Here's how it works:

An expert sitting in his office speaks into a microphone and writes on a special writing frame (see below). The pen's motions are translated into electrical signals that transmit charts, graphs, diagrams, equations, etc. over existing telephone lines. To as many as six different locations up to 3000 miles away.

At the receiving end, a TV camera picks up the written image, stores it and retransmits it (via closed circuit TV) to any number of locations throughout a plant, sales office, or sales district. Each location is equipped with a TV screen and a two-way audio receiving unit.

Personnel listen and watch, but they also have their say. If someone has a

people talk back.

"You gotta be kidding!"



question or comment, he simply raises his hand; someone flips a switch on the audio unit, telling the speaker there's a question.

You not only contact different groups across the country at the same moment, but you conduct real meetings.

Where people talk back.

For information on how our con-



sultants can help you plan, design, equip, install, operate and maintain a complete two-way instructional system, contact Sylvania Information Systems, Commercial Electronics Division, Bedford, Massachusetts 01730, or call 617-275-0300.

SYLVANIA
A DIVISION OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

PEOPLE

Maybe it was all those deep dives into the ocean, but Swiss Scientist **Jacques Piccard**, 45, son of the inventor of the bathyscaphe, saw in the immediate future nothing but an abyss of human self-destruction. He was, he said, "seriously doubtful" about whether mankind would last out the century. Atomic weapons are perilous enough, Piccard told a symposium at Hoboken's Stevens Institute, but man's whole technology "is little else than a widespread suicidal pollution affecting the air we breathe, the water we drink and the land we till. Every infant born in America today has detectable quantities of DDT in his body." Possibly to get away from it all, Piccard announced plans to submerge himself in a four-to-six-week underwater "free drift" from Florida to Nova Scotia next summer.

Hollywood really knows how to make a guy welcome. Barbra Streisand, Jack Lemmon, Steve Allen, Lucille Ball, Pierre Salinger, Gene Kelly, Kirk Douglas, Charlton Heston, Merle Oberon, Fred Astaire, Ava Gardner, Omar Sharif, Milton Berle, Danny Thomas, Marlo Thomas, David Niven, Alan Jay Lerner, Donna Reed, Gregory Peck, Natalie Wood, Andy Williams, Tom Smothers, Don Adams and Shirley MacLaine—all of them, plus about 400 others, paid \$250 per couple to do honor to Paris Couturier **André Courrèges**, 44, at a showing of his new collection in Los Angeles. Courrèges could only assume that their presence was tribute enough. Out of the whole elegant gang,

only **Véronique Peck**, 35, wife of Gregory, and **Nicole Salinger**, 28, Pierre's bride, actually wore outfits that Courrèges had designed.

Along with 54 other hopefuls at the annual Miss World contest in London, Peru's lissome (35-23-35) **Modeline Hartog-Bel** managed to stay upright through four preliminary rounds. But she swooned gracefully away when she was named the winner. Smelling salts brought her to for the presentation of a \$7,000 check and a ceremonial visit to the Lord Mayor at Guildhall. Next will come a trip home for Christmas to the family cattle ranch in Piura, said Madeleine, who sold her car to get air



MISS WORLD
Passed out cold.

fare to Paris to begin a career as a model. Now, she added, "I won't have to worry about air fares any more."

How gratifying for Rochester's Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, 72, to learn that somebody out there was paying attention to his appeal last month for funds to aid "the poor of the world." Just three weeks later, a winning ticket in New York State's monthly lottery was pulled from the barrel plainly marked "Bishop Sheen World Poor, Rochester, N.Y." One of 1,445 winners, the ticket will be worth between \$150 and \$100,000, depending on future drawings.

The white-maned cheerleader exhorting the Stanford rooting section looked less like a student than, say, the dean of the Graduate School of Business. And the dean it was—**Ernest C. Arbuckle**, 55, voted Stanford's "red-hot prof" in a campus-wide poll and thereby con-



ERNIE ARBUCKLE
Red-hot prof.

demned to wield the megaphone in the football game with Oregon. Arbuckle, who will take over as board chairman of the Wells Fargo Bank next year, forgot his ticket to the game and had to talk his way past a Pinkerton to get into the stadium.

Mary Poppins was never a junkie, no matter what the bumper stickers said, but it does seem that she will soon become a divorcee. Confirming longstanding rumors, **Julie Andrews**, 32, filed suit in Santa Monica, Calif., for divorce from English Stage Designer **Tony Walton**, 33, her husband since 1959. In a formal statement more notable for brevity than syntax, Julie explained that "the varying demands of our careers have kept Tony and I apart, placing obvious strains upon our marriage." Another obvious strain, Director (*The Pink Panther*) **Blake Edwards**, 45, has recently acquired his own divorce, and will presumably be at hand when Julie's decree becomes final in a year.

After he agreed to knock back a few vodkas with the London Daily Express' man in Moscow, British Traitor **Harold Philby**, 55, proved aggressively unrepentant. "I would do it again tomorrow," said the former chief of British counterintelligence, who went over the wall in 1963. His purpose, he said, "was the fight for Communism" and the eradication of the many evils of capitalism, prominent among them "the expense-account lunch, British railways, the Beaverbrook press, the English Channel and the rising cost of living." By contrast, Philby added, "I am having a love affair with Moscow," marred only by one touch of staleness: "I am rather tired of caviar."

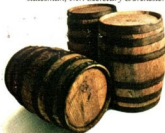


VÉRONIQUE PECK
Warm welcome.



PEOPLE HAVE GIVEN SCOTCH FOR CENTURIES. BUT FOR THE WRONG REASONS.

The English gave Scotch whisky as early as 1631 when it was reported that a lady, Marie Montgomerie, gave "three little barrels of Scotch accoutie" to an influential English statesman, Mr. Secretary Dorchester.



The Scots gave Scotch because it was the only whisky they had to give.

The English gave Scotch for reasons of state.

Today, many Americans give Scotch because it's the thing to do.

Yet some of your Scotch-drinking friends can't drink Scotch without a secret little shudder. (Whether they admit it or not, they don't really like the taste.)

This year why not treat them to a Scotch

that's different. A Scotch that actually tastes good. 100 Pipers Scotch by Seagram.

See for yourself.

Now you can stop giving Scotch because it's a habit. And start giving it because it's a pleasure.

EVERY DROP BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND AT 86 PROOF - SELECTED AND IMPORTED BY SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. - BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

A tree is born. It grows. It dies. But a forest can go on forever.

In a commercial forest, each tree should be harvested while still healthy, and converted into useful products for man before it deteriorates and decays. This process, in fact, the essence of modern forest management. Some trees are cut at maturity; some earlier, to give their neighbors more food, water or light. And to keep a forest growing perpetually, sturdy seedlings continually start their new growth cycle.

Replacing the trees we cut with

healthy new stock is important to St. Regis, because wood is our basic resource. From it we make printing papers, kraft paper and board, fine papers, packaging products, building materials—even paper plates and school supplies.

Thus, the life of the forest is St. Regis' life. That is why we, together with other members of the forest products industry, are vitally concerned with maintaining the beauty and utility of America's forests for the years to come.

ST REGIS

Within its first 8 or 9 years, while its limbs still reach the ground, a Douglas fir may be harvested for a Christmas tree. Thousands of these are cut each year to "thin" a forest.



At 30 to 40 years, most trees are still too small for sawtimber, but they may be harvested for pulp. Note that the lower limbs have begun to prune themselves; deprived of light by nearby trees, they die and drop off.

When 50 or 60 years old, a tree may already have reached a height of 100 feet or more. It could be used for pulp, or for a utility pole if it tapers gradually toward the crown.

100-year-old trees may have some "clear" wood unmarked by knots. If of good quality, the trunk can be "peeled" for plywood. Or it can be sawed to make construction lumber.



An illustration showing three Douglas fir trees in different stages of decline. The first tree on the left is healthy and full of green needles. The second tree in the middle is thinner and has some bare branches. The third tree on the right is very thin and has most of its branches missing, leaving a bare trunk. A fallen log lies on the ground in front of the third tree.

Trees continue to grow after their first centennial, but at a slower rate. In virgin forests, some Douglas firs survive for hundreds of years and reach heights of over 300 feet.

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A declining tree, whether decades or centuries old, is easy to detect. Its branches are dying, its bark scaling off. Rot has begun to spread throughout the trunk.

Upper branches fall away, leaving a bare spike. At last the tree is weak enough to be blown down in a high wind. Or its own weight may be enough to topple the rotted trunk.

—A. KUNZ



*Early American, with tambour doors
and the biggest picture in color TV*

Magnavox... the finest color TV... brilliant true color - automatically!

Just turn it on. Magnavox Automatic Color tunes itself—gives you perfectly tuned pictures that stay precise. Every channel. Every time. Automatically.

Exclusive Chromatone adds vivid depth to color, high definition to black and white pictures. Magnavox Quick-On flashes pictures on in just seconds. And superb Magnavox high fidelity assures you total program enjoyment.

You also have the satisfaction of owning the finest, most reliable color TV ever made. Select from over 40 elegant styles and beautiful finishes.

All this, yet Magnavox costs no more. We sell direct through franchised dealers (see Yellow Pages) to save you middleman costs.
Color TV from only \$349.50.



Compact color TV in Contemporary styling

The magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



Mediterranean color console

THE PRESS

PUBLISHERS

The Oak Attracts the Lightning

West Berlin is the focal point of more than one cold war. Outside the towering glass-and-metal headquarters of Publisher Axel Springer, burly guards are posted at every door. Loudspeakers have been installed that emit such a high-pitched whine that it will pain the eardrums of would-be invaders. From the East, over the Wall that runs alongside the building? Not at all. From the West. Militant West Berlin students have threatened to break into the plant and smash the printing presses—not to mention the faces of any Springer personnel who get in their way. To which Springer's four Berlin newspapers have replied with a steady stream of attacks on the students for "terrorism" and "treason."

This confrontation in Berlin reflects a growing polarization of German politics (see *THE WORLD*) which has put Axel Springer, 55, to the right of center. When the coalition government was formed last winter, the far left was out in the cold with nowhere to go. As its frustrations deepened, so did its militancy. One of the principal targets of its wrath, exaggerated far beyond its threat, is Springer.

Trial for Fascism. At the annual Frankfurt fall book fair, 200 chanting students gleefully tore up Springer books and magazines. Oblivious to similar acts in the Nazi era, left-wing Erlangen University students staged a burning of Springer publications. A group of liberal writers declared they

will never again write for a Springer paper and urged their publishers to withhold advertising from Springer publications. When Springer went to give a speech at the Hamburg Overseas Club recently, he had to slip in a side door while five squads of riot police protected him from angry pickets, whose banners declared: "Never before in any land at any time has so much power and so little wisdom been in one pair of hands." In the next few weeks, a band of vociferous Berlin students plans to stage a mock trial of Springer on charges of "Fascism."

Springer, to be sure, makes an inviting target. With eight newspapers and six magazines, he is West Germany's biggest publisher. He controls 31% of the circulation of all of Germany's daily newspapers, a percentage few other Western publishers come close to matching.* His rather sensational *Bild Zeitung*, published in Hamburg with a Berlin edition, has a circulation of 4,446,000, largest of any paper on the Continent. His more thoughtful *Die Welt* (circ. 280,000) is one of Germany's most influential papers. Its Sunday edition, along with Springer's other paper, *Bild am Sonntag*, accounts for 90% of Germany's Sunday circulation. Springer also publishes *Hör Zu! (Listen!)* a TV guide that has the largest circulation (3,764,000) of any weekly magazine in Germany. Nor does Springer show any sign of slowing down. Next March he plans to bring out another magazine, *Jasmin*, which will aim for a circulation of 1,500,000 among young marrieds.

Emotional Attachment. In the process of building his empire since World War II, Springer has become less reluctant to express his personal political opinions in his publications. Today his papers reflect the conservative views of the respectable German burgher, who is distrustful of change, hostile to Communism and oriented toward home and family. The coalition government has tried to ease tensions with the East; the Springer papers have refused to budge from their cold-war stance. "Appeasement policies do not lead to the desired goals," declared *Die Welt*. "Only a policy which attacks on two fronts at once, that of ideology and that of power, can hope to be successful." Springer's papers warn against disarmament and cite the recent Israeli victory as a lesson for Germany: stay prepared. All Springer publications stand foursquare against the nuclear nonproliferation treaty, which they are convinced will put Europe at the mercy of Russia.

To Springer, Berlin is the shining symbol of a strong Germany. "Pessimists view Berlin as something perverse," wrote a *Die Welt* columnist.



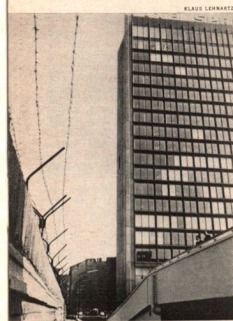
AXEL SPRINGER
Views of the burgher.

"This is a false observation. This city offers a model of political hygiene. That which surrounds it is perverse, that which begins with the Wall and continues beyond it." With this sort of emotional attachment to the outpost city, it is not surprising that Springer is abundantly contemptuous of those who speak of making a deal with Ulbricht.

More than Support. As a result, those who want to deal with Ulbricht consider Springer a right-wing menace. Yet Springer scarcely shows any signs of the would-be totalitarian. He condemns the far-right National Democratic Party, which many Germans consider uncomfortably close in its nationalism to the Nazi Party. He reacted with horror at the Jewish persecutions under Hitler. During World War II, when diabetes kept him out of military service, he published Jewish authors under pseudonyms on his father's printing presses in Hamburg. Ever since, he has used his publications to champion Jews as well as the state of Israel. "Since the German Jewish community no longer exists for any practical purposes," he says, "I believe it is our duty to make all possible efforts to support Israel." He is presently building a library for the Israeli Museum in Jerusalem.

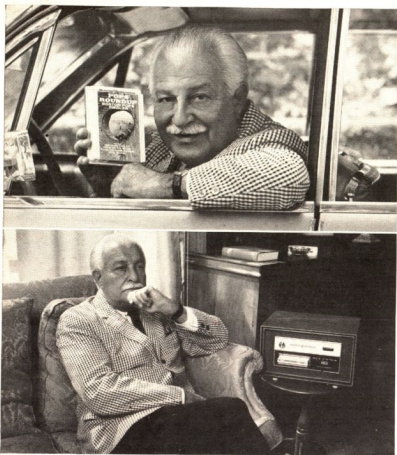
Nor is the private Springer anything like the press *Führer* conjured up by demonstrating leftists. He is reclusive and sometimes petty. Yet even his enemies concede that he is charming and witty. He is exceptionally kind to his employees, few of whom are ever fired. If they can't do the job or disagree editorially with Springer, they are shifted to less sensitive positions. Quite a ladies' man, he has married four times, twice to women divorced from the same man; it says something for him that he is still on friendly terms with the man.

Springer is striking back at his attackers personally as well as in his papers. Rhetorically, he asked a group of jour-



SPRINGER BUILDING NEXT TO BERLIN WALL
Invaders from the inside.

* Cecil King's Mirror group controls 40% of Britain's daily circulation.



You never heard it so good...

until you've heard RCA Stereo 8!

Arthur Fiedler enjoys listening to the sound of RCA Stereo 8 Cartridge Tapes both in the car and at home. And so will you! Either way, it's a dramatic new experience in great stereo listening that literally puts the world of music at your fingertips. Fabulous sound...easy to use...completely automatic...the world's most exciting entertainers...

over 500 tapes to choose from—that's RCA Stereo 8 Cartridge Tape. Discover it soon!

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The most trusted name in sound



8-Track Cartridge Tape: the automatic system available for home listening that's also Detroit-approved for new cars.



nalists: "Does the sheer greatness of the enterprise that I have built draw their rage as the oak draws lightning? Do people expect me to go into the editorial offices and say, 'Gentlemen, please don't put out such good newspapers,' or into the publishing offices and say, 'Please don't be so efficient? Should I block the path to success and demand: 'No, success must not be?'"

The answer, undoubtedly, is no—and a government commission presently investigating the trend to monopoly in the German press will probably agree. The most it is likely to recommend is some kind of tax break for smaller newspapers. Springer's most strident rival, Rudolf Augstein, publisher of the newsweekly *Der Spiegel*, has called for a "lex Springer," a trustbusting law aimed at Springer. With the crushing of press freedom still fresh in their minds, Germans are unlikely to go along. "When people stop buying my papers," says Springer, "they will show their opposition to my policies. I recall with horror the misfortunes the so-called apolitical press brought on us during the Weimar Republic. It is my credo that a newspaper publisher has no right to remain politically indifferent."

MAGAZINES

Back to Dallas

Few deaths in the history of mankind have been so minutely scrutinized as that of John F. Kennedy. Every detail of that fateful November day has been exhumed, examined and crammed into some theory or other, ranging from the plausible to the inconceivable. This week both *LIFE* and the *Saturday Evening Post* offer more intriguing hits and pieces on the assassination, but regrettably nothing so conclusive as to put an end to all the speculation.

Publishing excerpts from a forthcoming book, *Six Seconds in Dallas*, the *Post* can hardly contain its excitement. Calling Author Josiah Thompson, 32, a philosophy teacher at Haverford College, a "warm and engaging idealist with a mind like a ripsaw," Editor Bill Emerson Jr. enthusiastically writes that the book "demolishes" the Warren Commission Report. An equally emotional editorial declares that the details amassed by Thompson "cry out for the truth to be told and for the murderers to be punished."

The details are not all that new; the conclusions are. Thompson states that "there were four shots from three guns in six seconds." What led him to this belief was a close examination of the film of the assassination. As he saw it, a split second after President Kennedy's head lurched forward under the impact of a bullet, it lurched back again. Thompson speculates that another bullet must have struck him from the front. Much of the debris from the wound, moreover, landed to the rear of the car, again an indication to Thompson of an oncoming bullet. After talk-



JOSIAH THOMPSON

Such a warm, engaging rip saw.

ing to various eyewitnesses, Thompson decided that one assassin had been posted behind the fence on the grassy knoll, a second on top of the Dallas County Records Building. The other two shots came from the sixth floor of the Texas Depository—but not from Oswald. Two other assassins had done the shooting; Oswald was the fall guy. The Warren Commission concluded that one assassin had fired three shots. This forced the commission to adopt the controversial "single bullet" theory: the assumption that the same bullet passed through Kennedy's neck, passed through Connally's chest and then struck his wrist and thigh.

Demand for Exposure. In LIFE, Governor John Connally gives his side of the story of the events leading up to Dallas. Contradicting William Manchester's contention that the President had reluctantly gone to Texas to patch up a local factional quarrel within the Democratic Party, Connally insists that Kennedy went to mend his own political fortunes. He wanted to show conservative Texas Democrats that he did not have horns. Connally, just emerging from a bruising election campaign, was in no mood for a presidential visit.

When the President insisted on coming anyway, Connally argued for a relatively low-keyed tour aimed mainly at Texas businessmen. Kennedy's advance men demanded more exposure to the crowd. After a "heated argument," the Kennedy people prevailed over Connally, and a Dallas motorcade was scheduled. The route was released to the press three days ahead of time, though Connally had objected that this would give hecklers a chance to organize. When Kennedy arrived, Connally was pleasantly surprised by the size of the crowds and their friendliness. In his last conversation with the President during the Dallas motorcade, he assured Kennedy that he would probably carry Texas in 1964.

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Are you a "financial independent"?

by Hans Gehrke,
President, United States Savings and Loan League



Independence is a cherished American tradition. Most of us like to regard ourselves as independent in one way or another—independent thinkers, perhaps, or independent voters. Financial independence is also important in your day-to-day life. Not great wealth, but enough to instill the confidence born of knowing you can care for yourself in any financial emergency.

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1967 has been another good year for "financial independents." They have received a good return on their savings. Many people write about the high cost of home-financing, but we have seen very few articles about the high rate people are enjoying on the savings they have set aside from the fruits of their labors. There should be a reasonable return on savings as well as a reasonable rate on mortgages. Remember, we are speaking for 43,000,000 savers who sometimes seem neglected—43,000,000 seekers of financial independence.

Savings and Loan Associations

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THE THEATER

ON BROADWAY

Dolly Rediviva

Pearl Bailey is back and Dolly has got her. Or vice versa. Either way the jaunty matchmaker from Yonkers and the sly, ironic, purring Pearl suit each other perfectly. Although Hello, Dolly! has been running in Manhattan for almost four years, she and an all-Negro cast had lines forming at the box office last week.

Decked out in dazzling exaggerations of turn-of-the-century elegance, topped off with such hats as dreams are made of, she struts and swaggers new pizzazz into the undistinguished material that

FRIEDMAN/ADOLPH



CALLOWAY & BAILEY

New match for an old matchmaker.

Carol Channing, Betty Grable, Martha Raye and Ginger Rogers have done so well by. The Bailey way with a wink or a wiggle or a throwaway line is pure pleasure, and the rich, round raunchy Bailey voice can wrap up and deliver anything singable.

Pearl has help of a high order—an exuberant cast of dancers that prances up a tropical storm with Gower Champion's expert choreography. Cab Calloway is first-rate as the well-heeled hay and feed man for whom Dolly Levi sets her ostrich plumes; the only pity is that he has so little to do.

Any temptation there may have been to turn the production into a blackface romp has been successfully resisted; the company plays as if no one had ever heard of a colored entertainer. In fact, David Merrick's Negro Dolly comes off so well that other producers may soon be using black power to pump new life into other hits that have gone the distance. Louis Armstrong as Teyve? Diahann Carroll as Mame?



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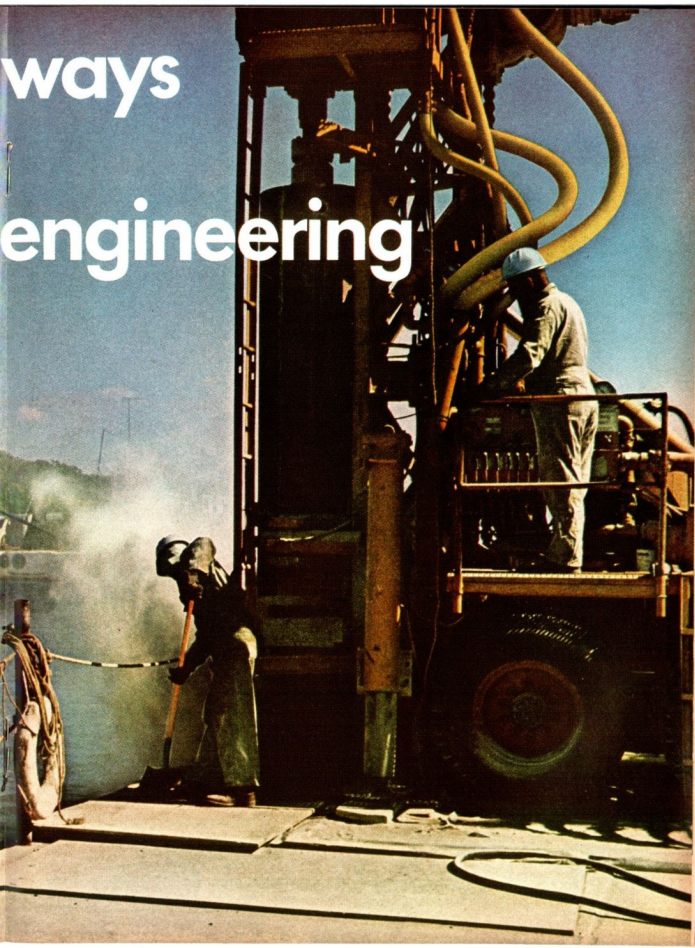
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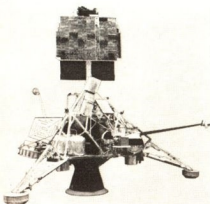
We agree to a neutral Swiss judge.

Paul Masson California Champagne



PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1967

A Close Look at Heredity



SURVEYOR 6
Head for Mars.

SPACE

The Little Spacecraft that Could

On the same day that giant Saturn 5 made its triumphant and tumultuous flight, little Surveyor 6, practically unheralded, settled to a gentle landing on the moon. But last week, after faultlessly running through the familiar Surveyor photography and chemical analysis chores, the ungainly-looking craft made everyone sit up and take notice. On a signal from earth it fired its three vernier engines, rose ten feet from the surface and then landed again, eight feet from its original site. It was the first rocket-powered takeoff from the face of the moon.

The 61-second flight was the latest in an almost monotonous string of accomplishments compiled by the U.S. Surveyor program, which now has successfully soft-landed four out of the six spacecraft sent moonward. This remarkable average—as improbable as a pitcher tossing four no-hit games in six starts—is perhaps the greatest technological feat in the first decade of the space age. Russian space scientists have parachuted an instrument package onto Venus, but have yet to develop the approach radar and rocketry system that can set an unmanned spacecraft down on the airless moons as gently as a helicopter touches down on a landing strip.

Loosened Purse Strings. From Surveyor's success has come man's first detailed knowledge of the consistency and chemical makeup of lunar soil, data and pictures that will influence the choice of the first astronaut landing site, and confirmation that the soft-landing system of the Apollo lunar module—similar to Surveyor's—is well conceived and workable.

Before it became a space-age swan, however, Surveyor had a long history as an ugly duckling. The seven-spacecraft program, originally expected to cost about \$50 million and scheduled to begin shooting for the moon in Au-

gust 1963, will eventually cost \$350 million, and did not get off the ground until May 1966. Outraged by delays and rising costs, a congressional subcommittee in 1965 called Surveyor "one of the least orderly and most poorly executed of NASA projects."

Stung by congressional criticism and aware that everyone had sadly underestimated the complexity of a soft lander, NASA, Hughes Aircraft (which designed and built Surveyor) and Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory (which directed the project, provided technical advice, and eventually controlled the flights) moved to rescue the floundering program. Increasingly certain that Surveyor's findings were a necessary preliminary to an Apollo lunar landing, NASA loosened the purse strings, enabling JPL to increase its Surveyor personnel from fewer than 100 to 500, Hughes from 2,000 to 2,700.

Success Incentive. Under a newly-appointed triumvirate consisting of JPL's Surveyor Project Manager Robert Parks, Deputy Manager Howard Haglund and Hughes's Program Manager Robert Roderick, JPL-Hughes staffs were imbued with an "I think I can, I think I can" philosophy. To increase efficiency and desire at Hughes, NASA substituted an incentive contract for the old cost-plus-a-fixed-fee contract providing substantial financial gains only for successful missions.

The remedies worked. Knowing that glitches were bound to occur in the 83,000 different Surveyor components (34,000 in the Doppler and descent radar alone), scientists considered the first four craft as "engineering models," and would have been delighted if only one of them had made a successful soft landing. Thus no one was more surprised than the JPL and Hughes crews when the first Surveyor not only made a perfect landing and transmitted back thousands of pictures of the lunar surface but also proved so durable that it came back to life after each of two lunar nights, having survived temperatures as low as -250°F .

The subsequent success of Surveyors 3, 5 and 6 enabled scientists to complete their planned surveys of possible astronaut landing sites and left Surveyor 7—scheduled to be launched early in 1968—for use in a completely scientific mission. Scientists are currently considering landing it in a highland basin, where it could photograph and analyze high-altitude features not yet investigated by U.S. or Russian landers.

Although NASA has ordered no additional Surveyors, Hughes scientists believe that the reliable little craft would be ideal for further lunar exploring—even for a trip to Mars. Properly modified, they say, Surveyor could land gently on Mars and return pictures and data for only $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ the cost of the planned Voyager spacecraft.

One of the pictures looks like a Scottish meadow sprinkled with sleeping sheep. In another, more enlarged, the curious objects that looked at first like sheep actually seemed to resemble four tufts of cotton joined at a central point. The photographs, which were published in a recent issue of *Nature*, are actually the most revealing and undistorted views man has ever had of the surface structure of heredity-bearing human chromosomes.

The chromosome closeups were made by German scientists at the University of Münster, using the recently developed scanning electron microscope. Unlike the conventional electron microscope, which forms an image by passing an electron beam through extremely thin slices of a specimen, the scanning device plays a fine electron beam back and forth across the surface of the object being examined. Electrons knocked out of the surface of the specimen by the scanning beam are collected and converted into signals that are projected on a television screen in the form of a picture.

By tilting their chromosome specimens, which were taken from a human white blood cell, the German scientists were able to get a side view and measure their thickness—about four-millionths of an inch at their thinnest, center portion and ten-millionths at the thickest part of their "limbs." In Britain, where scientists at St. George's Hospital Medical School are also using scanning electron microscopes to examine chromosomes, the resulting photographs have suggested that chromosomes have an underlying fibrous structure. From these and other scan-



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NEW ISSUE

November 10, 1967

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The underwriters have agreed, subject to certain terms and conditions, to purchase any unsubscribed shares, and both during and after the subscription period may offer shares of Common Stock as set forth in the Prospectus.

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Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any State from such of the undersigned underwriters as may legally offer these securities in compliance with the securities laws of such State.

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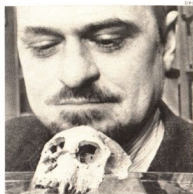
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ning electron closeups, scientists hope eventually to gain new insight into the complex processes by which chromosomes and their constituent genes control heredity.

ANTHROPOLOGY

Ancient Ancestor

Swinging down from a tree in the lush forest that stood in what is now the Fayum desert region in Egypt, the little creature reached the riverbank and began to drink. Suddenly it was attacked and eaten by a crocodile-like reptile that rose without warning from the water. All that the predator left behind was the victim's head, which sank to the bottom and became embedded in the sand. In New Haven, Conn., last week, some 28 million years after this hypothetical drama, Yale Paleontologist Elwyn Simons displayed the ancient



SIMONS & "AEGYPTOPITHECUS" SKULL
At the base of the tree.

skull and reported that it belonged to the most primitive ape ever discovered—the earliest known member of man's family tree.

The skull of the ape, named *Aegyptopithecus zeuxis* (for "linking Egyptian ape"), was found protruding from rock during a 1966 Yale expedition to the Fayum desert. But it was not until the specimen had been returned to Yale and extracted from its rock casement that Simons realized that it was an unusually complete skull of a primate, lacking only portions of its top and bottom and four incisor teeth. "Not only is the skull some eight to ten million years older than any other fossils related to man," Simons said, "but it is better preserved than any that are older than 300,000 years."

Scientists established the age of the ancient skull by using the potassium argon method of dating an overlying lava flow, which is apparently 26 million years old. The location of the skull, 300 ft. below, indicated that it was about 2,000,000 years older. *Aegyptopithecus*, Simons believes, "stands near the very base of the genealogical tree leading to later Great Apes and man. It represents a major stage in the documentation of the forerunners of man."



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ART

MUSEUMS

New Impresario for the Showcase

In the year since it moved into its magnificent new \$6,000,000 building, Manhattan's 37-year-old Whitney Museum has forged into the lead as the city's—and the nation's—handsomest and most dynamic showcase for contemporary U.S. art. Under the directorship of scholarly Lloyd Goodrich, the nation's ranking authority on Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins, the Whitney has played host to artists as varied as Realist Andrew Wyeth and Environmentalist Louise Nevelson, while its annual displays of works by younger artists continue to spotlight the latest trends. Last week the Whitney announced that Goodrich, now 70 and with the museum since its founding in 1930, will retire as of Jan. 1.

The new impresario will be lanky, Connecticut-born and Yale-educated John Ireland Howe Baur, 58, the museum's associate director and the man who was in charge of getting the new Whitney Museum built. Baur plans to continue the museum's open-minded policies, expanding them in order to ensure broader representation of artists from outside New York City. "There's a bubbling over of creative energy in every direction today," he says, "and the injection of new talent and new movements gets more frenetic all the time. However, new movements tend to overshadow artists doing good work in older styles, and that's why it is important to maintain a catholic point of view. It isn't the movement that counts as much as the individual painter."



WHITNEY'S BAUR & GABO SCULPTURE
Expanding the open mind.



MODEL FOR PICASSO'S STATUE
Sexily Sphinxy.

MONUMENTS

Sylvette at N.Y.U.

Chicago may have the first monumental Picasso statue in the Western Hemisphere, but New York City will get the second—and New York will have the additional satisfaction of knowing whom its statue is meant to represent. Manhattan's New York University announced last week that a 60-ton, 36-ft.-high Picasso will be erected in its Washington Square Center apartment complex, designed by I. M. Pei & Partners. The model for it is a 1954 painted metal cutout bust currently on display at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art as part of its Picasso sculpture show (TIME, Oct. 20), for which Picasso used a pony-tailed girl named Sylvette David. The N.Y.U. version will be cast in black Norwegian basalt aggregate with a "skin" of buff-colored cement by Norway's Carl Nesjar. Nesjar will etch the skin of the sculpture by sandblasting, to reveal the basalt underneath in lines that will duplicate Picasso's brushstrokes. When completed, Sylvette will be half as high and twice as sexy as the Great Sphinx of Egypt.

PAINTING

Minimal Cartwheels

When Frank Stella's first canvases, consisting of black pin-stripe squares inside of squares, were shown at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art in 1960, local papers reacted in horror. "Unspeakably boring!" snapped Herald Tribune Critic Emily Genauer. A less determined man might have gone into life insurance—but Stella painted on. His latest canvases, on view at the Castell Gallery, are newly brilliant with a rainbow of Day-Glo colors, but they are as elemental in concept as ever (see color opposite). What has changed is that instead of being banned for boredom, Stella at the age of 31 is being heralded as one of the most influential artists in New York City, and has had

his outsized canvases shown in scores of important museums and international exhibitions.

As the creator seven years ago of the first shaped geometric canvases, Stella is looked up to by dozens of other young artists as a precursor of the whole minimal school of painting and sculpture. His new works demonstrate how far removed trend-setting art has become from any concern with society, reality, human interest or popular taste: the multicolored cartwheels, half-moons and pie cuts look as though they had been stamped out on a machine. They were, in fact, designed with the aid of a protractor and compass, although unlike many minimal sculptors, Stella still believes in executing his works by hand. The paintings were named (*Sabra, Sinnerli*) for ancient cities in Asia Minor only because Stella has been looking at plans for circular cities in a book on Islamic architecture.

Locking Form and Content. "Whatever interest I have in people," says Stella, "I have in daily contact with them. I don't want them walking around in my paintings." The son of a Massachusetts doctor, Stella studied at Andover's Phillips Academy under Abstractist Painter Patrick Morgan, was drawing geometric blocks of color while other students were still sketching nudes and horses. Upon graduation from Princeton in 1958 with an A.B. in history, he moved to Manhattan.

Stella's work attracted attention almost immediately because it took abstraction one measurable step farther along the path toward pure form. The generation of Pollock and Kline had eliminated the figure; their canvases derived impact and emotion from the visible signs of struggle left by the painter's drips, splashes and violent brush marks. The "color field" painters of the 1950s, led by the late Morris Louis, eliminated the mark of the painter's hand, but their veils of color floating within the rectangle of a canvas aimed at evoking a haunting, lyric sense of other-worldly beauty. A Stella painting, on the other hand, locks form and content together, forcing the viewer to accept it as an object unique unto itself. To viewers who find the result boring or merely decorative, the artist replies, "My eyes and my emotions tell me something different. They tell me it's very beautiful, complicated, moving, disturbing and challenging. There are forces at work to think about here."

SCULPTURE

Epoxy Playmates

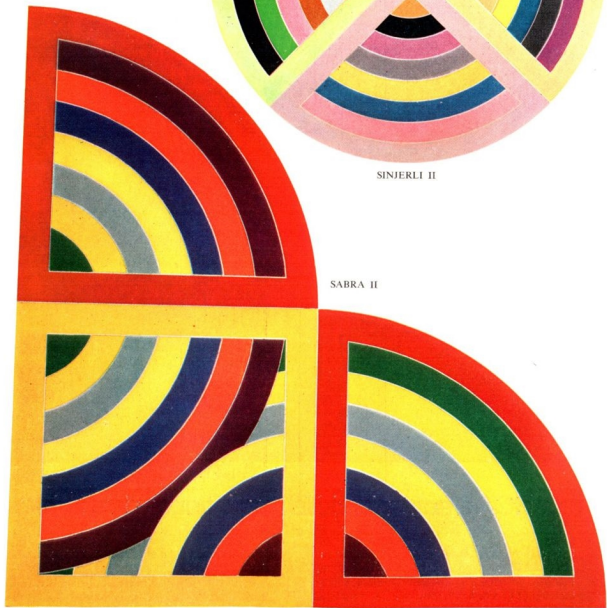
Hugh Hefner has one by his bedside, and Capitol Records could think of nothing more delightful to give to the Beatles for a present. Small wonder, considering what the girls are like. Slightly more astonishing is that the slender, sexy, epoxy-resin swingers molded by Illinois Sculptor Frank Gallo,

STELLA'S
RADIAL
RAINBOWS



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FRANK LYONS



GALLO'S "GIRLS"

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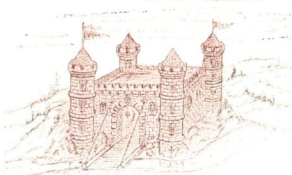
34, also spice up museums from Caracas, Venezuela, to Baltimore, Milwaukee, and even Victoria, Australia.

What raises Gallo's girls above the level of genteel pornography is clearly visible at the moment in Manhattan's Graham Gallery. There sit, stand or recline ten of them, all in various voluptuous poses and assorted stages of undress. One, clad in a tank suit with a number "3" on its belly, perches on a revolving turnstile. Another, in what may or may not be a bikini top, cuddles on a brown floor rug. Still another, falling out of her low-necked dress, lounges against a lavishly embroidered sofa. The skin of each has the alabaster transparency of beeswax or some expensive face cream made with royal jelly. But their hair, their eyes, their mouths, their stiletto-heeled shoes and the upholstery against which they nestle are all an ugly, and yet powerfully nostalgic, Victorian shade of brown. The mordancy of this color and the wistfulness of the girls' expressions save them from what would otherwise be a cloying coyness. Each girl becomes both an icon of seduction and, at the same time, a sly satire of all she suggests.

Gallo, a native of Toledo, Ohio, who now heads the graduate sculpture school at the University of Illinois in Urbana, achieves his effects by first sculpting his figures in clay. Then he casts them in translucent plastic. He then burns and etches in darker epoxy in the areas he wishes to color brown, leaves the rest skin colored.

Gallo sometimes sculpts men—on display at the Graham Gallery there are two, fully dressed and both looking singularly exhausted, possibly from the presence of so much female flesh. He has even been known to sculpt a cat (Rex Harrison has that). But he really considers himself "a female worshiper," and looks forward to playing Pygmalion to the first automated Galatea.

Goyan
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No strenuous exercises... no elaborate gym equipment... no lengthy, tedious work-outs. You don't need time, space, or energy to multiply your strength... to broaden your shoulders... to increase your lung capacity... to trim your waistline... to develop vigor. Now the same method of Isometric-Isotonic Contraction that trained the German Olympic Team and other world-famous athletes can help YOU build a powerful physique. Yes, even if you are 30, 50 years old or more. Unlike ordinary isometric contraction devices, the TENSOLATOR® combines both Isometric and Isotonic benefits in a series of quick 7-second exercises that you do once a day in your own room—less than 2 minutes in all! Muscles grow stronger, shoulders broaden, chest expands, waist tapers down—and you feel like a new man. Fast? We guarantee impressive results in 10 days or your money back without question. Send for the big brochure that shows step-by-step illustrations of the Tensolator Method. Enclose this ad with your name, address, zip code (required for mailing!) and 25¢ to cover postage and handling to: THOYLO CORPORATION, Dept. AN-2, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

NEUROSURGERY

Rejoining the Spinal Cord

Toronto's controversial Dr. Gordon Murray performed the first blue-baby operations and kidney transplants in Canada and says he built the first workable artificial kidney in North America. At one time, Dr. Murray claimed to have a serum that alleviated the suffering of breast-cancer victims, although its effectiveness was never proved. Last week, at 73, Dr. Murray reported that he had accomplished a feat that has eluded specialists in neurosurgery. He has, he said, successfully rejoined severed spinal cords in four of seven paralyzed patients.

Characteristically, Dr. Murray reported his work at a fund-raising dinner. Unexpectedly, he had a patient wheeled into the ballroom. The patient: Bertrand Proulx, 24, a Quebec truck driver whose spinal cord was injured in an accident four years ago, had not been able to move his hands or elbows and breathed with his diaphragm because he could not expand his chest.

To show what Dr. Murray had accomplished, Proulx pulled on slings attached to a bar over the bed and lifted himself to a sitting position. He needed nurses' help to get off the bed, but then he stood in a walker, waved one arm high, heaved himself into a comfortable position on the bed, and took a drink from a glass. Proulx "hadn't moved a joint for three years," said Dr. Murray. "But this fellow is going to walk."

Never Before. The spinal cord is a cylinder of whitish-grey mush surrounded by a tough casing, running through the hollow centers of the vertebrae and intervertebral discs. Inside the cord are nerve cells and main nerve tracts like a

telephone installer's spaghetti wire. Although smaller nerves in the extremities may regenerate after injury and partial restoration of function is possible if the cord is not completely severed, there is virtually no precedent of rejoining and restoring function to a completely severed spinal cord in man. Dr. Murray offered a simple explanation of previous failure and his apparent success: when a cord is severed it retracts, thus becoming shorter than the corresponding length of adjacent vertebrae. To compensate for this difference in length, Murray removed three-quarters of an inch of Proulx's spinal cord at the damaged area, carefully cutting it so that the severed nerve fibers would fit precisely together when reconnected. Murray then cut a matching length of bone from Proulx's vertebrae, completed the operation by rejoining both spinal cord and bone.

Neurosurgeons generally were skeptical of Dr. Murray's report. They recalled a similar case of a woman operated on at Philadelphia's Pennsylvania Hospital in 1901 who recovered for several years, but then suffered a relapse. They insisted that in animal experiments severed ends of cord had been snugly sewn together but that regeneration had been brief at best, due to formation of scar tissue. If Dr. Murray's spinal-cord repair stands the test of time, it will be an impressive achievement indeed.

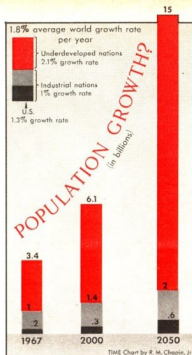
BIRTH CONTROL

For Zero Growth

This is the week when the 200 million U.S. citizen will be born; demographers fix the time and day at 11 a.m., Nov. 20. For the past several weeks, population planners have been leading up to the statistical moment with major birth-control news. In London, the International Planned Parenthood Federation announced last week that its 1968 budget would be \$6,500,000, double that of 1967 and six times the amount it spent in 1965. Almost simultaneously, the Manhattan-based Population Council reported that family-planning efforts in Taiwan and South Korea had met with marked success, mainly through increased use of intrauterine devices like the Lippes loop.

Are such advances sufficient to win the overall battle? No, says Professor Kingsley Davis, director of international-population and urban research at the University of California. Davis, in the Nov. 10th issue of *Science*, writes that the family-planning programs as presently conceived and executed cannot prevent the world from rapidly populating itself to doomsday.

Government Regulation. Statistical projections tend to bear Davis out. Even in the U.S., representative of literate industrial nations where birth control has become a byword, the predicted average annual population-growth rate is



averaging 1.3%. Present projections put the U.S. population at 308 million by the year 2000, 374 million by 2015. World population now stands at 3.4 billion. At its present annual growth rate—about 1.8%—it will nearly double by A.D. 2000. By 2050 it will be 15 billion. Even if world population growth were brought into line with the present U.S. rate, it would still double by the year 2030.

The answer, suggests Davis, is a natural population growth rate of zero (births equal to deaths). "For any growth rate, if continued, will eventually use up the earth." Such a drastic reduction in births might require absolute government regulation of the size of families—a concept that most nations have found impossible to accept. In a more Orwellian guise, writes Davis, such control might include pressure through limits on availability of housing, manipulation of inflation to force mothers to work, increased city congestion by the deliberate neglect of transit systems, and increased personal insecurity through rigged unemployment.

Overrun World. Davis does not think such appalling correctives need ever become necessary. Instead, he feels, futurists should accept the fact that persuasion, not family planning, is the answer to population growth. He suggests economic persuaders to encourage the postponement of marriage and the limitation of births within marriage. How? Among other methods, by charging substantial fees for marriage licenses; levying a "child tax"; taxing single persons less than married ones; eliminating tax exemptions for children; legalizing abortion and sterilization.

As extreme as Davis's suggestions are, he sees them as the best alternative to a world overrun by people.



PROULX EXERCISING
Unscheduled show.

ORTHOPEDICS

Better Brace

Metal leg braces are all too familiar to the victims of such disorders as muscular dystrophy or polio. The double-bar braces are heavy and clumsy, with a stirrup under the instep, and they induce muscle atrophy by permitting the foot to move only up and down. In normal walking, the body's weight tends to throw the heel of each foot alternately either outward or inward, depending on the terrain, but such movement is prevented by the conventional brace.

A lightweight, one-sided brace that allows far more freedom of movement and more natural walking has now been introduced at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco. The new device is bound to the leg by the familiar calf band of reinforced leather; an aluminum bar runs down the outside of the leg. At the ankle, it is hinged to a semicircular metal yoke that fits loosely around the heel of the shoe. This first hinge-type joint permits up-and-down motion. On the yoke behind the heel is a second joint bearing a metal pin that is screwed into the heel of the shoe. This permits sidewise motion.

The Biomechanics Laboratory at U.C., which was supported by the Easter Seal Society in developing the device, demonstrated the flexibility of the brace by trying it out on Patient Julie Bywater of Mill Valley, Calif. For most of her ten years, Julie has suffered from paralysis of the leg muscles, the cause of which is uncertain. A conventional two-sided brace enabled Julie to walk, but she could scarcely run. She often refused to wear it. It was heavy and "hurt too much." Now Julie proudly demonstrates her prowess on stairs, and runs so well she plays baseball.

STEPHEN FREILICH



JULIE PLAYING HOPSCOTCH
Freedom from one side.

We've tried all the
new gins. Fancy gins.
Novelty gins. Imported
gins. Costly gins.
We should worry.



Fleischmann's.
The world's driest gin
since 1870.

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP., NEW YORK CITY DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The World of the F.P.s

In the past 18 months, an estimated 400 priests have left the Roman Catholic Church in the U.S. For most of them, the transition to secular life is a traumatic experience. Unless a cleric enjoys private means, he is usually broke; unless he has close relatives, he has no place to stay.

Fortunately for these ex-priests, a number of volunteer agencies have sprung up to help them make the adjustment to civilian life. Best known of these is Bearings for Re-Establishment, with headquarters in New York City and branches in five other cities. Founded last year by William Restivo, 36, a

THE NEW YORK TIMES



RESTIVO & BEARINGS CO-WORKER*
No paradise thereafter.

former priest-missionary in Kenya, Bearings is financed by contributions from sympathetic Catholic laymen, each week helps an average of half a dozen former priests find lodgings and jobs.

Unprepared. Adjustment is not easy. The academic background of former priests is usually limited to their seminary courses, which are dominated by theology and philosophy—not exactly an ideal preparation for a business career. Some are so inexperienced in the ways of the world that they show up for job interviews wearing sports shirts. A few are alcoholics. Many suffer from psychological problems—ranging from what they dub a “Judas complex” (a fear that they have betrayed Christ) to sexual hang-ups over celibacy† to lack of confidence. As a result, some ex-

priests end up in jobs far below their intellectual capacities. Several former clerics now drive taxis for a living.

Thanks to the helpful work of such groups as Bearings, an increasing number of “F.P.s” (as former priests are now called) are finding reasonably rewarding new occupations. Many go into teaching—though if the Catholic seminaries that they attended are unaccredited, which is often the case, they must return to college to earn a teacher’s certificate. Others enter social work. One ex-priest, only four weeks after quitting, got a job at Funk & Wagnalls Publishing Co. in Manhattan. “I was completely honest on my job application,” he says. “I just put down that I was a laicized priest, and that sent them to their dictionary.” Still others end up in less lively pursuits. A California cleric has become a chiropractor. One Biblical scholar now works for a company that makes rocket components.

Punch or Judy. Yet when an ex-priest lands a good job, he is apt to discover that the secular afterlife is no paradise. One former cleric in Los Angeles, now employed as a social worker, finds that his \$700-a-month salary, which he at first considered lavish, barely sustains him. About two-thirds get married—taking on the added burdens of providing for a family. And though Catholics no longer automatically conclude that a priest who has left the church did so because of “Punch or Judy” trouble—drink or women—many are still suspicious. Parents are especially prone to disappointment. One Chicago ex-priest received a letter from his father that read: “You are doing your best to destroy a very happy home. Your mother and I have not slept since you left.”

For the most part, though, Catholics have become accustomed to the fact of ex-priests in their midst; many of the defectors remain on good terms with friends still in clerical ranks. Nonetheless, former priests generally prefer anonymity and seek to avoid publicizing their ecclesiastical background. Says one former priest from the Midwest, who now is a Boston textbook salesman: “On the whole I have met with very little hostility—but then I don’t tell everyone I meet, ‘Guess what? I used to be a priest.’”

JEWS

For Better Communication

Two of the nation’s major Jewish organizations last week urged American Judaism to step up communications with both Christianity and the Negro ghettos. There was a real point to the exhortations, issued by Conservatism’s United Synagogue of America and the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, principal voice of Reform Judaism. Of late, there has been a marked

deterioration in Jewish relations with white churches and black communities.

A major reason for the lukewarm quality of Jewish-Christian relations was last spring’s Arab-Israeli war. Jewish leaders have charged that the majority of Christian churches either remained silent, or failed to protest strongly when Arab nations threatened to annihilate Israel. The Synagogue Council of America, chief coordinating body of U.S. Judaism, scored “the tolerance of some Western opinion toward these Arab threats of genocide.” Nonetheless, at last week’s meetings of the United Synagogue in Kiamasha Lake, N.Y., and the U.A.H.C. in Montreal, the consensus was that current tension should be an incentive to dialogue. “Let us not behave toward the church as if it had reinstituted the Inquisition,” counseled U.A.H.C. President Maurice Eisendrath. “Not every Christian whose conscience compels reservations regarding Israel’s policies is an anti-Semite.”

To some rabbis, the misunderstandings that have arisen over the Mideast war indicate that even the best-intentioned Christians lack an understanding of certain concepts basic to Judaism. The churches’ failure to appreciate Israel’s plight, they argue, reflects an inability to comprehend the Jewish sense of peoplehood and the primordial place that the vision of Israel as the homeland for God’s people occupies in the Jewish mind. Instead of concentrating on how the two faiths can jointly combat moral evils in the world, dialogue might better be served by greater stress on the fundamentals of Jewish belief.

Structured for Conflict. Judaism’s second area of concern stems from charges by Black Power militants that Jewish businessmen are exploiting Negroes in the slums. Most delegates felt that such statements speak for only a small minority of Negro opinion, and represent not so much anti-Semitism as a lashing out at Whiteness. At both meetings, there was overwhelming agreement that American Jewry should involve itself even more in the Negro’s struggle. Howard Danzig, executive director of a suburban Detroit synagogue, told the Conservative convention: “Unfortunately, in Detroit as in other cities, the Jewish presence in the predominantly Negro areas is usually that of merchant or landlord. The situation is economically structured for conflict.”

In one resolution, the United Synagogue warned that “We should not fall into the traps set by anti-Semites and condemn all Jewish landlords as ‘slum lords.’ They that are such we do condemn, because they act immorally, as do non-Jewish slum lords.” But “where special problems involving Negro-Jewish relationships arise, we urge our congregations to pay added attention to their solution.” One proposal discussed at both conventions: the setting of practical standards of business ethics for Jewish landlords and entrepreneurs doing business in the ghettos.

* Former Nun Ann Barrett, now a parochial school teacher.

† A major reason for defections. Last week in Washington, however, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops declared that any hope for a relaxation in the rule of celibacy for priests is “without foundation.”

Cadillac Motor Car Division



A luxury car buyer deserves the luxury of choice

That's why Cadillac for 1968 offers eleven different models in three series . . . including the fabulous Eldorado, world's finest personal car. In Cadillac's choice of body styles—by far the widest in the luxury car field—you are sure to find one that meets your individual taste in every way. And with Cadillac's unsurpassed array of colors, interiors and optional equipment, your authorized dealer can help you select a Cadillac ideally suited to your personal driving preferences. Shown front to rear: DeVille Convertible; Fleetwood Eldorado; Coupe deVille; Fleetwood Brougham; Fleetwood Seventy-Five Sedan; Hardtop Sedan deVille; Sedan deVille; Fleetwood Sixty Special; Calais Coupe; Calais Hardtop Sedan; Fleetwood Seventy-Five Limousine. Each brilliantly represents the Standard of the World.

Cadillac



"...What do I live for?"

Knowing that every time a jet takes off, some part that makes it go is made of an alloy I worked on..."

Clarence Bieber is a metallurgist for International Nickel. In forty years, he's contributed to dozens of alloys that have helped make the twentieth century what it is.

"...These alloys are my children...does that sound strange? You've got to be a little unconventional to create. Every problem that can be solved by ordinary people has already been solved..."

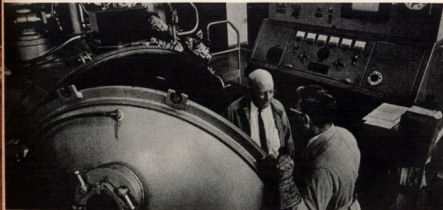
Solving problems is the work of 32,000 Inco people. Those who search the globe for nickel. Those who bring it back. Those who make each rock yield more of it. Those who find new and better ways to use it.

"...when MacArthur left Corregidor he used a PT boat. They bent the propeller shaft dragging it over rocks...but it was made of an alloy we developed for toughness and corrosion resistance, so they could bang it back in shape and escape...I guess I've contributed something..."

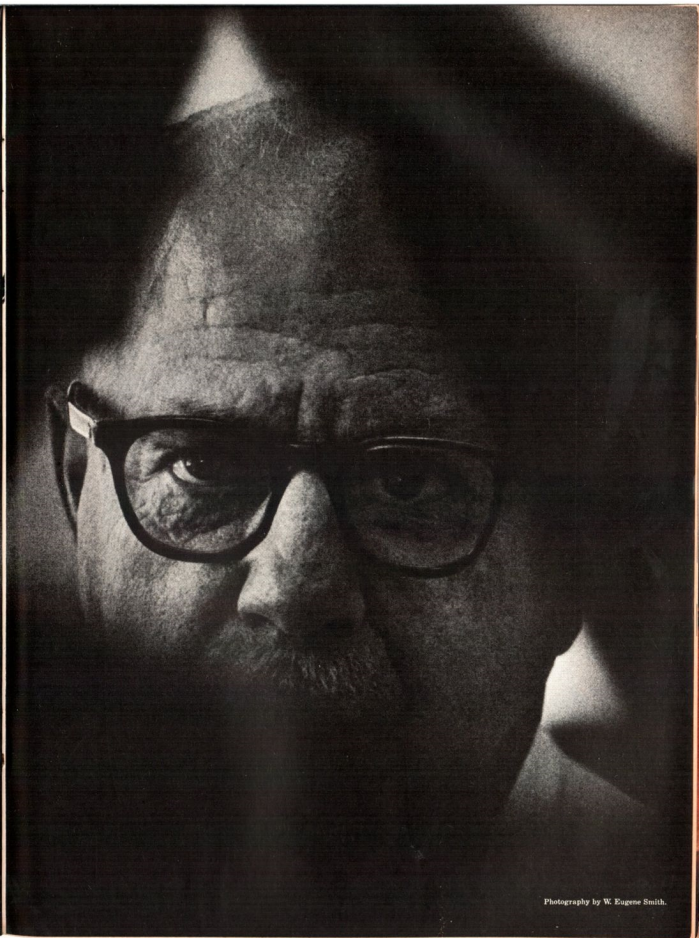
Each Inco man contributes something. He's the man who accepts the challenge of bringing the world the nickel it needs. More and more nickel to make other metals stronger, tougher, more corrosion-resistant. To make over 3,000 alloys perform better, longer. Nickel, its contribution is quality.

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Photography by W. Eugene Smith.

Give & Take

the gift of Gold—
the Scotch with the Golden Light Taste,
impressively gift-wrapped in its
heavily embossed gold foil carton.

the brand new Globetrotter Fifth—
the most fitting traveling companion that
ever packed away flat in a suitcase.
It arrived just in time for the Holidays—
but this slim beauty will be available
for year-round give and take!

Packs flat
as a shirt



THE QUEEN'S
AWARD TO INDUSTRY



100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES 86 PROOF. SOLE DISTR. U.S.A. MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N.Y., N.Y.

TELEVISION

COMMERCIALS

Master of the Mini-Ha-Ha

The new TV season is two months old and one thing is clear: the situation comedies are getting better than ever. Not those dreary half-hour retreats, but those one-minute mini-ha-ha's called commercials.

Some of the best of them are the work of Manhattan Director Howard Zieff, 40, a short, hyperactive man with a zany sense of humor and an apparently limitless imagination. He is the leading practitioner of what the trade calls the indirect sell: the product is visible and so is the pitch, but the commercial zings across chiefly because it is entertaining and refuses to take itself seriously. To dramatize Braniff Airways' air-freight division, Zieff shows a man crated and shipped by air, arriving at his destination with not a hair out of place. For Whirlpool household appliances, he marches a repairman into a rainswept courtyard where a Gestapo-type supervisor charges him with neglecting his customers and then strips the company emblems off his shirt.

Zieff and his staff spent several weeks producing a commercial that will appear next month for Volkswagen. After an assistant toured Europe for two weeks scouting shooting sites, Zieff flew to Paris, loaded cast, cameras, costumes, props and his 36-man crew into five trucks and a bus and went on location at the Marksburg Castle near Koblenz, Germany. The scene, which required three days of near round-the-clock filming, shows an angry mob of villagers storming the castle, battering down the doors, and chasing a mad scientist and seven assorted monsters who hurriedly gather their gear and escape in a Volkswagen station wagon. The only dialogue is an announcer's voice-over: "If you've created a rather large family and you have an awful lot to carry, chances are a normal station wagon won't be large enough. Maybe you ought to consider something not quite so normal—like a Volkswagen." Cost of the film: \$52,000, or roughly \$1,000 for each second of air time.

People People. Zieff, who has made 200 commercials in the past six years, is obsessed with detail; he shoots 9,000 ft. of film to get a usable 90 ft. He demands that his sets have a lived-in look—right down to scuff marks on the door. For a takeoff on old aviation movies for Utica Club beer, he screened the 1938 movie *Test Pilot* to see exactly how Clark Gable flipped back his goggles. For a series of quick shots focusing on a variety of stomachs for Alka-Seltzer, he spent ten days "interviewing abdomens," auditioned 40 belly dancers until he found one without stretch marks around her navel. In one three-second shot of a boxer battering the stomach of his opponent, he used Middleweights Johnny Cesario and Joey

Archer. The scene was so realistic that Cesario, caught in the cheers of the extras, the smoke and the popping flash bulbs, confided during a break: "I can take this guy."

Zieff has also composed some striking magazine ads: the chubby kid eating Kellogg's Corn Flakes on the back steps, the tattooed cowpoke smoking Marlboro cigarettes, the Indian munching Levy's Rye Bread ("You don't have to be Jewish . . ."). Now that he is the top director in TV commercials and earns about \$300,000 a year, he is in the fortunate position of being able to turn down six job offers for every one he accepts. He deals only with those

before. Perhaps they are both right. A survey by TIME correspondents shows that America's first families do watch TV, to be sure. But mainly they limit their viewing to news, public affairs and sports. Relatively few of them switch on just for amusement. Says Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield: "There's just nothing on to entertain anyone."

The Lyndon Johnsons, for example, usually catch NBC's *Today* show at 7 a.m. every weekday morning. In the evening, Lady Bird tries to sneak in *Guns, Smoke* if she can. The President likes to watch the supertime news reports simultaneously on his three-set console, and on Sundays samples *Meet the Press* (NBC), *Face the Nation* (CBS) and *Issues and Answers* (ABC). What he sees



ZIEFF PREPARING BRANIFF COMMERCIAL
If only some of it would rub off.

few agencies—Wells Rich Greene, Doyle Dane Bernbach and Carl Ally—that will allow him a free hand; in most instances, he is given an outline or "story board" and then "takes the commercial out of the commercial" by improvising freely.

By casting "people who look like people" and treating each scene as "a first-run movie in miniature," Zieff has helped turn the TV commercial into something of an art form. Now if only some of this expertise would rub off on the rest of TV programming.

THE AUDIENCE

Viewing from the Top

The pollsters can't seem to get together on how much television the nation's leaders and tastemakers sit still for. The Louis Harris poll has found signs of "growing disenchantment with television on the part of affluent, better-educated adult Americans," but the Nielsen rating service claims that the upper echelons are watching more than

there very often is his own Vice President; Hubert Humphrey has been the guest on the three programs 36 times. When Humphrey does get on the other side of the screen, it is to watch news and public affairs, *Red Skelton*, *Andy Griffith*, *Jackie Gleason*, *Bonanza*, and occasionally a late movie.

"Simply Trash." Interior Secretary Stewart Udall says flatly that he has time for nothing less portentous than a presidential message, but an aide has caught him tuning in on the World Series. HEW Secretary John Gardner is a Huntley-Brinkley man and also grabs the 11 p.m. news. Sometimes he watches the *Today* show on his way to work; his limousine sports a TV set.

Barry Goldwater says he "doesn't see much TV" but favors Walter Cronkite or the local news from Phoenix. Occasionally he looks at documentaries or sports events; his wife Peggy loves *Lucy*. George Romney, Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan stick to news and public affairs. Nebraska's Governor Norbert Tiemann and Colorado's Gov-

a most pleasant experience

English Leather®

after shave...
after shower...
after hours...

...the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION,
packaged in redwood. \$2.00, \$3.50,
\$6.50, \$10.00.

Be sure your "fragrance wardrobe"
includes ENGLISH LEATHER®... it's the
one you'll reach for again and again.



A complete line of men's toiletries including...
...the DEODORANT STICK, \$1.00
...the AEROSOL DEODORANT, \$1.50 & \$2.50
GIFT SETS in authentic redwood boxes, \$3.00 to \$10.00

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Mr. Muirhead brings
it over in barrels*
to save you up
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MUIRHEAD'S
LIGHT-LIGHT SCOTCH

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 80 & 86 PROOF,
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make your own CARTRIDGES
for your 8 track car stereo
with a **ROBERTS**
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Record and Play your favorite music from
LP records and FM Multiplex with the exclusive
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quality in 4 speeds... even the new LP 1 1/4 ips



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less than \$430



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ROBERTS
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ernor John Love try to catch football and the most promising documentaries. So does Vermont's Philip Hoff, though he concludes that "most TV is simply trash, and I don't have the time." Washington's Governor Daniel Evans prefers the *Bell Telephone Hour*, *I Spy* and the public affairs programs. Tennessee's Governor Buford Ellington goes for pro football, Perry Como and Lawrence Welk.

Massachusetts' former Senator Lev-
erett Saltonstall enjoys Welk and Jack-
ie Gleason as well. New York's Mayor
John Lindsay seems to find time for
nothing but news between the *Today*
and *Tonight* shows. Los Angeles' May-
or Sam Yorty rates news and sports
his favorites, then *Daktari*, *Gunslinger*
and tapes of his own weekly interview
show.

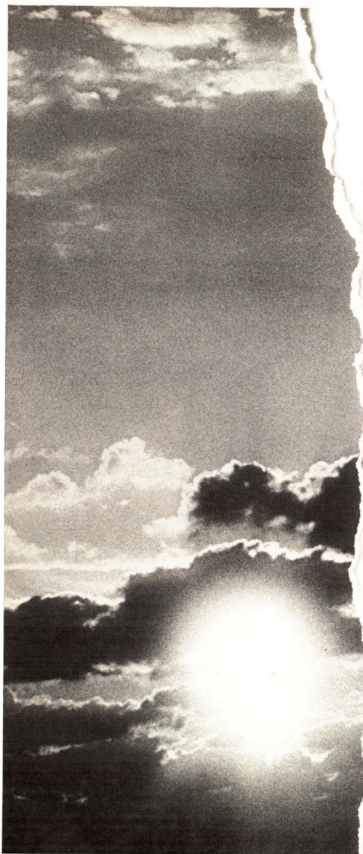
Those Organs! Harvard's Nathan Pu-
sey, Yale's Kingman Brewster, and Cal-
tech's Lee DuBridge watch next to noth-
ing. Milton Eisenhower, nominated to
the board of the Corporation for Pub-
lic Broadcasting this month, sees news,
sports and, at times, movies and spec-
ials. Physicist William Pickering, whose
Jet Propulsion Laboratory has directed
U.S. unmanned space probes from Ex-
plorer 1 to Surveyor 6, likes a pre-
posterous piece of space fiction, *Star
Trek*. J. Edgar Hoover is strictly busi-
ness: No. 1 on his most wanted list is
The F.B.I.

Norman Vincent Peale occasionally
watches *Lucy*, *Bonanza* and *The F.B.I.*
Van Cliburn often unwinds between
practice sessions or before performances
with afternoon soap operas. So does
Artur Rubinstein, who on request can
unravel the complicated plots of a half
dozen of the soaps. ("Those organs!"
says Rubinstein, holding his nose and
unmistakably imitating their quavering
tone.) William Buckley says that he finds
no time for TV, but Chicago Lawyer
Newton Minow, the former Federal
Communications Commission chairman
who described TV as a "vast wasteland,"
still watches fairly regularly. Among his
favorites: *Get Smart!*

PROGRAMMING

Shake-Out Time

This is the time of the year when
the networks examine new-season sched-
ules, take pulses, shake out the weak-
lings, and bring on shows that they
hope will survive. Fatalities so far
among the new programs: CBS's *Dun-
dee* and the *Culhane*, NBC's *Maya* and
Accidental Family, and ABC's *Hondo*,
Custer, *Iron Horse* and F. Lee Bailey's
Good Company. The biggest surprise is
NBC's decision to dump the 3½-year-
old *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* after Jan.
15; the Nielsen rating had dropped from
No. 3 in 1966 to 68th last week.
Among new shows coming up: a va-
riety show starring Jonathan Winters,
revivals of *The Saint* and *The Aver-
gers*, and, replacing *U.N.C.L.E.*, Com-
ics Dan Rowan & Dick Martin.



**After sunset...
this becomes
the
most efficient
light source
on earth.**

The only lamp that can play second fiddle to the sun. Its name: Lucalox®. Next to free sunlight, it leaves all other lighting in the shade. It produces twice as much light as the finest 400-watt mercury lamp. 2½ times more than the most powerful fluorescent. And with lower cost of light.

General Electric discovered it. Then so did some others. Like Rockefeller Center, New York. Lucalox added new brilliance to its streets. Not even a canyon of buildings on a moonless night will dim those sidewalks now. And a manufacturer in Oklahoma City. With Lucalox, he has 4 to 6 times more light on the job than previously.

All over the country, factories, highways, buildings, bridges and parking lots are switching to Lucalox. Are you ready?

To know the indoors and outdoors of this new GE creation, contact your GE Large Lamp Agent. Or write: General Electric Co., Large Lamp Dept., C-728, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio 44112.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

THE LAW

LEGISLATION

Charge!

To many a person wary of thieves, traveler's checks and credit cards are better than cash. Thieves agree. Precisely because the cards and checks are not legal tender, a smart crook knows that he is usually safer stealing or forging them than he is stealing or forging the real thing. In many states, lifting a credit card amounts to nothing more than lifting a penny's worth of plastic; serious crime may occur only when the issuing company is actually defrauded. The situation is much the same with traveler's checks. As a result, a man found in possession of a stolen or forged card or check may not be guilty of a serious crime unless police can prove that he personally has misused it.

The loss caused by such relatively hard-to-trace misuse amounts to an estimated \$50 million a year, and the average is growing rapidly. Last week police in Manhattan were busy wrapping up a gang that had defrauded Diners Club of at least \$350,000. The gang, which had Mafia links, had stolen hundreds of blank Diners Club cards, impressed legitimate cardholders' names on them, and sold them to various underworld figures complete with such forged subsidiary identification as driver's licenses.* Gang members then traveled, ate, and charged lavishly, using the cards. Even when they are not liable, issuing companies almost always assume the financial burden of such fraud to maintain good relations with stores, hotels and restaurants who accept their cards. (But the credit-card companies may try to recover from a cardholder who has not informed them of a loss or theft.) The issuers are therefore understandably anxious to find heavier legal weapons to use against credit crooks, and they are now actively promoting new legislation.

Texas Senator John Tower is sponsoring a bill that will bring traveler's checks that cross state lines under the purview of the federal Criminal Code; it has been passed by the Senate and is now awaiting House action. American Express last year commissioned the drafting of a model credit-card law for states, which suggests maximum penalties of one to three years for such offenses as card theft or possession of forging machinery or blanks. With the backing of every other major credit card issuer, the statute is being pushed in all states. So far, North Carolina, Florida and California have all adopted it. New York has scheduled consideration of it for next January's legislative session.

* In some cases, the identification also included forged Government-agent I.D. cards. One crook with more than his share of gall actually checked into one hotel using a card made out in the name of an agent who was chasing him.

JUDGES

Change Down South

After the Supreme Court, no single U.S. court has been more important to Negro civil rights than the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit. Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas all fall under its jurisdiction. So it is that when an opening occurs on the court, segregationists and civil rights lawyers hold their respective breaths until the President nominates a new man. Because of the court's work load, it was expanded last year from nine to thirteen judges. This week the final vacancy will be filled when Claude Feemster Clayton, 58, takes the



CLAYTON

Relief on both sides of the fence.

oath of office. When news of his nomination came down, waiting lawyers on both sides of the integration fence breathed sighs of relief. Mississippi-born and -bred, Clayton is segregationist by heritage and inclination, but as a federal district judge, he slowly—and no doubt painfully—put aside the prejudices of a lifetime.

Black & White. Appointed to the federal judgeship for northern Mississippi by President Eisenhower in 1958, Lawyer Clayton, a Democrat who supported Ike, had never shown any signs of dissatisfaction with the Southern way of life. Quite the opposite. "I lived in the era when *Plessy v. Ferguson*, separate but equal, was the law of the land," he says now. "I had no quarrel with it." Indeed, he had so little quarrel with Mississippi ways that he rose to command one of the state's National Guard divisions (which was totally segregated), ranked as a major general when he was retired two years ago. Making two unsuccessful bids for the

U.S. Congress, in 1946 and 1948, he ran as a white supremacist. In his federal courtroom, he seemed at first to be living down to his background. In one case, Negro plaintiffs sought the right to look at county voting records; a higher court had already ordered that such requests be honored as a matter of course. The course, in Clayton's court, ran four years, and was potholed by rulings like the one requiring documents to be redrawn because the U.S. Attorney General had changed and the new man's name had to be used.

Despite such instances, Clayton built a reputation, even among his critics, for fair-mindedness. That, plus some reversals by higher courts, began to nudge him away from 19th century Southern justice. Clayton watchers agree that the balance was tipped by *U.S. v. Duke* in 1963, a voting-rights case in Pano-la County, Miss. Judge Clayton had ruled that Negroes barred from the voting rolls had not shown that they were actually qualified under Mississippi standards. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the decision—and inferentially told off Clayton in the process. The real issue, the court indicated, was not whether Negroes qualified under the standards, but whether the standards were applied equally to both whites and Negroes.

Contemptuous. After that, Clayton's decisions developed a more progressive tone. He put a stop to the harassment of Negroes seeking to register to vote in one town; he ordered a circuit clerk in another to stop applying stricter voting requirements for Negroes than for whites; he knocked down a third town's ordinance restricting Negro marches and demonstrations; he voided, as a member of a three-judge panel, application of the state's poll tax in state and local elections. "When you are able to show him a set of outrageous facts, then he loses his innate conservatism," says Lawyer Al Bronstein of the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee.

Few facts were more outrageous than those surrounding last year's demonstrations in Grenada, Miss. There Clayton himself had previously ordered a speed-up in the local schools' desegregation, but when Negro children attempted to enter the schools, they were savagely beaten. Judge Clayton bluntly ordered the police to protect the children henceforth and sentenced Strong-arm Constable Grady Carroll to four months for contempt of court. Said one of the lawyers in the courtroom: "You should have seen Carroll's face. The man was just astounded—a Mississippi judge doing this to a Mississippi law officer."

"As a realist," Clayton explains, "I've recognized my responsibility to adapt to changing times." He is still fundamentally conservative. "We knew he would protect clearly defined Constitutional rights," says an NAACP. Legal

End of the Blues:

Other Band Razors should have their heads examined – you'll find they're not all there!



The action's in the new **Schick® 10-edge** cartridge – with not just 6, but 10 new Krona Edges.

Ⓢ To keep your mornings bright and cheerful, Schick gives you a complete winding mechanism – new with every cartridge. While our competitor may think it's cheaper to put half the band mechanism in the razor and half in the cartridge, old and new parts do not always fit together. In fact the self-contained Schick cartridge fits all band razors.

Ⓢ Finally, the 10 Super Stainless Edges are held taut by an exclusive slotted band for positive shaving control. Every Krona® Edge has the incredibly smooth Miron® Coating for a surface of unequalled comfort.

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Put your reliance on famous **Schick Science.**

Schick Safety Razor Company, Division of EVERSHARP, Inc. Ⓢ

Henry McKenna's remarkable Kentucky Table Whiskey: The Bourbon with a Brogue:

Once there was a strong gentle Irishman from the Parish of Ballinascreen in County Derry. His name, which was to become quite famous, was Henry McKenna.

In the year 1837 Henry McKenna followed his own private rainbow to America, to seek his fortune.

And before long he settled and prospered among the soft rolling meadows and quick tumbling streams of Nelson County, in Kentucky.

Henry McKenna built a fine little mill by his own limestone stream and from every window of that mill he could look out on the deep velvet green of hills that are very like the hills of Ireland.

And he began making whiskey by hand.

There were many men then, and there are now, making honest bourbon whiskey among the sweet green hills of Kentucky.

But among all the fine local whiskeys, the handmade red bourbon table whiskey from McKenna's little mill in Fairfield was considered exceptional from the first.

It commanded premium prices then, as it does today.

There is a rare gentle character to Henry McKenna's bourbon whiskey. It sits happily on your tongue. This is a charming whiskey, a lovely lilting whiskey, a bourbon with a brogue.

And like most charming things, it is a bit of a mystery. We do not know why Henry McKenna's bourbon tastes so good.

The formulas for making fine whiskey have existed for hundreds of years. Henry McKenna didn't invent them. Perhaps there is some special quality in the water. But we have had this water analysed and the scientists say no. Maybe the very

softness of the air in Fairfield, Kentucky works some unknown magic on the whiskey as it ages. This much is certain: bourbon made to exactly the same proportions twenty miles away from the old McKenna mill at Fairfield does not taste the same. It is good whiskey but it is not Henry McKenna.

We do know this. Henry McKenna truly loved fine whiskey and his still was as much of a hobby for him as a business. He would not mash grain unless it was the best grain.

He would not pour a drop of his whiskey until it had achieved his standard of maturity, which was demanding indeed.

So maybe the difference in Henry McKenna's bourbon is simply that he loved it more. Love works wonders on people and plants and animals. It could account for the happy taste of Henry McKenna Bourbon.

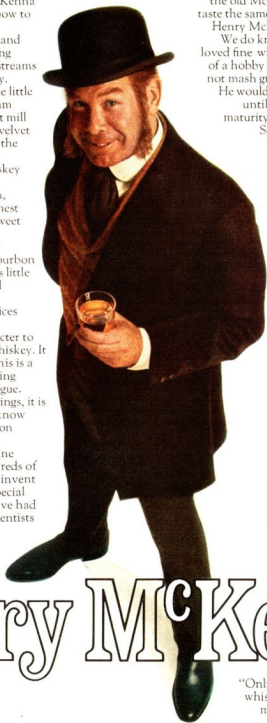
We like to think so.

And we try to give the bourbon we make today the same care and affection that has been the good heritage of Henry McKenna Bourbon for more than a hundred years.

You can buy McKenna's handmade bourbon today. It is not available everywhere.

But it is worth seeking out.

Our bourbon comes in fat half-gallon earthenware crocks (where state laws permit), or in basic bottles. From Fairfield, Kentucky. With love.



Henry McKenna

"Only an Irishman could love
whiskey enough to take this
much care making it."

Defense Fund lawyer, "but we also knew he wouldn't make law." Clayton agrees, adding that "case law must come, if it comes at all, at the appeals level." He is now moving to that level.

INHERITANCES

Scheme of the Year

The document bears an impressive-sounding letterhead, and the language is unmistakably legal. What it says is that a named person has died, leaving an unclaimed estate. "The heirs of said deceased are unknown," the message explains, and an inquiry is being made of many people with the same last name on the chance that one might be the rightful heir. If you are interested in further information, would you please send a \$6 "copy fee" to cover the cost of obtaining "duplicates of documents filed," so that you might better ascertain whether you have a claim.

Fair enough, or so it seems. And because it does, it is the big, new, easy-money scheme of the year, according to the Post Office Department. In essence, it merely gives a modern twist to the age-old missing-heir dodge. The twist is important. In the past, a con man would approach a few selected victims with a well-prepared line of talk and ask for a few hundred dollars to cover his expenses. The large sum requested required a risky in-person performance. A promoter of the new scheme can use a photocopy machine and the mails to approach thousands of potential customers. All he has to do is follow the local probate court proceedings and then use phone books from all over the U.S. to find addresses of people with the same last name as that of someone who leaves an unclaimed estate. Each addressee that bites means another \$6. Moreover, it may be that no law is being broken. The estate spoken of always exists (although its unmentioned debts may be greater than its quoted value); the heirs are indeed unknown; the addressee is always warned that there is no reason to think that he necessarily has any claim; and, if he sends his money, he does get the promised document duplicates.

In fact, from the promoter's point of view, the scheme is well-nigh perfect. So obvious are its charms that when a New Orleans bartender received a probing letter, he neither responded nor complained. He immediately went into the business himself. So did a Boston law student. The original U.S. outfit was apparently Legal Research Inc. in Newport Beach, Calif.; now it has at least 17 competitors, operating everywhere from London to Philadelphia. As for the addressees, even those who fully understand what the letter says may be tempted; \$6 against an inheritance of thousands sounds like a good gamble. But, says Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien, there is "no evidence that the materials furnished by these promoters has located a single missing heir."

This offering is made only by the Prospectus.

November 10, 1967

ELCOR CHEMICAL CORPORATION

\$12,500,000

5½% Convertible Subordinated Debentures

Due November 1, 1987

Convertible into Common Stock at \$65 per share.

Price 100%

Plus accrued interest from November 16, 1967

100,000 Shares Common Stock
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Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any state from each of the undersigned, including the undersigned, at may legally offer the securities in such state.

F. EBERSTADT & CO.

November 10, 1967

ELCOR CHEMICAL CORPORATION

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6⅞% Senior Notes Due December 1, 1983
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Institutional investors have agreed to purchase the above Notes on or prior to April 29, 1969. The undersigned negotiated the placement of these Notes.

F. EBERSTADT & CO.



UPROOTING THE PAST (1957)



SAME STREET TODAY

Beauty from the bulldozers.

CONSERVATION Trees for St. James

Ten years ago, St. James, Mo., looked like a town that was out to win the grand prize for uglification. Long distinguished by its handsome trees, the town of 3,000 inhabitants, which nestles in the Ozark foothills, had called in bulldozers and chain-saw gangs to systematically destroy nearly every one of its existing trees.

In fact, the carnage was only the first step in a plan to make St. James more beautiful than ever. Most of the trees cut down were soft maples—short-lived, brittle and prone to wind and ice damage. Many of them were already diseased and dying. Using \$500,000 from the James Foundation, which was established in 1938 by the will of Lucy Wortham James, great-granddaughter of pioneering Missouri Ironmaker Thomas James, the town decided to tear out the old trees and begin replacing them with hardier fast-growing holly, sweet gum and flowering crab.

At first the new trees had to be imported from nurseries as far away as the Atlantic seaboard. Finally the town established a local "tree bank" that now covers 50 acres. On the tenth anniversary of the coming of the bulldozers, St. James can boast today that it has planted some 27,000 new trees—roughly nine for each of its inhabitants—and now qualifies as one of the most densely and handsomely wooded towns in the nation.

TRAFFIC

Signs of Color

The highways and byways of the U.S. may be sporting a profusion of new color. That, at least, is the recommendation of the National Joint Committee on Uniform Traffic Control Devices, an organization dedicated to doing something about the welter of traffic signs dotting the nation's 3,700,000 miles of roadways. They found that the multitude of hard-to-read signs has become a major cause of traffic accidents, confounding many motorists into panicking, abruptly switching lanes or coming to sudden halts. Says Committee Vice Chairman Charles W. Prisk:

MODERN LIVING

"The principle is that you just must not surprise the driver at 70 m.p.h.—or even at 30 m.p.h."

Noting that "the first thing the driver sees is the color," the committee concluded a three-day meeting in Denver by recommending that the U.S. make its road signs easier to recognize by broadening the basic spectrum of six colors (white, black, red, green, yellow, blue) now being used. The new hues would include purple for school zones, orange for road construction ("detour"), and brown for public recreation areas—with grey, buff and chartreuse held in reserve for future needs. So far, Washington, D.C., and Denver have tested the purple school signs with favorable results, and Albuquerque and Syracuse are now planning to try them as well.

To make road signs still more easily recognizable, the committee also recommended greater use of uniform symbols, such as the European-style no-entry sign with a white horizontal bar on a red circle. After California installed such signs—which were lettered DO NOT ENTER—on its freeway exits two years ago, the number of fatalities caused by drivers heading up the down ramps was cut in half.

Since such proposals may lead to even more roadside signs, there is in-

creasing concern that the posts bearing them may be themselves not unduly dangerous. The Federal Department of Transportation is placing top priority on development and distribution of signposts with so-called "frangibility," meaning that they break away on impact. After a motorist in Texas was killed crashing into a conventional post, the state replaced it with a frangible one; a few days later, right on schedule, another driver plowed into the new post—and walked away without a scratch.

FASHION

How Now? Brown

Paris finds itself swept up in a craze for chestnut-brown color that is being called "*La folie du marron*." While high-fashion arbiters were favoring basic black, buyers last summer began ordering their ready-to-wear dresses and suits in brown. Manufacturers took note, but no one imagined how far the dye would be cast.

Daniel Hechter, a major ready-to-wear designer, watched his orders for brown jump from 35% to 80%. Fabric makers began running out of stock, started using up old yardage as well as tinting all of their beige, light blues and whites. By last month, Stocking Manufacturer Gerbe was putting out 48,000 pairs of brown stockings and tights a week, and handbag shops found that nine out of every ten bags sold were brown.

Now all the high-fashion designers and shops want to climb aboard. Cardin has proclaimed: "Brown has class; it lends an air of distinction." Yves St. Laurent's bestsellers have turned out to be a brown tweed suit with cape and brown velvet evening ensembles. "Brown is such a beautiful color for winter," says French *Vogue* Editor Françoise de Lagrange de La Renta. "So warm, so wonderful against a tanned skin." In Rome, after her trip to Cambodia and Thailand, Jacqueline Kennedy promptly placed an order with her favorite Italian designer, Valentino. Her choice: a wool crepe Mao shirt and matching skirt in midi length that reaches down to the middle of her calf, in brown.



SCHOOL-CROSSING WARNING
Just don't surprise them at 70 m.p.h.

Voilà. It's a whole new ball game.

We're doing it. We're really, really doing it. Sales this year are up a whopping 85%. And still going strong.

Needless to say, the outlook was not always so rosy.

But yesterday was yesterday. We fixed what needed fixing, and frankly we'd rather not dwell on the past.

We'd much rather dwell on the little hero that put us back in the running again: The Renault 10.

The car does everything an economy car should do, and does it well. It is the complete economy car.

It gets an honest 35 miles to the gallon.

It can, thanks to its 5 main bearings, cruise all day long at a top speed of 85 m.p.h. (Some great big cars don't have 5 main bearings.)

It can, thanks to its 4-wheel disc brakes, stop on a dime.

It goes 40,000 miles on a set of our Michelin X tires. (\$5 more per tire, but well worth it.)

It goes 18,000 miles or 2 years before you even have to consider water or anti-freeze.

It has seats that give cars costing \$5,000 a run for the money.

But the Renault 10 costs under \$2,000. Way under \$2,000.

If all this sounds a bit boastful, please forgive us. It's just that it feels so great to be on the way up again.

In fact, things are looking so good that we've just signed a 20-year lease on a new national headquarters building in Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

We plan to be in this ball game a long, long time.



The Renault 10

AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION AND
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SPORT

FOOTBALL

Blood on the Ivy

There was a time in the Ivy League when losers could usually console themselves that their defeat was likely to be measured by no more than a gentlemanly two, or at the worst, three touchdowns. Not this year. From the high-scoring tortures the Ivies are inflicting on one another, Eli, John and the other chaps don't live there any more.

On average Saturday afternoons, the league's top four teams—Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth and Harvard—are running up a combined total of 112 points. By contrast, the Pacific Eight's top four teams total only an average 92 points a week, while the Southeastern Confer-

there is a general inconsistency to contend with. Says Princeton's Coach Dick Colman: "With no spring practice and other things on their minds, our players don't have time to be letter-perfect. On any given day, anything can happen." Adds Harvard Coach John Yovissin: "Look. We have boys who will take a four-hour exam the day of the game. If they feel good afterwards, fine. If they don't, we're suddenly behind 45 to nothing."

The Spoilers

It was college football's "game of the year," U.C.L.A. against Southern Cal. The No. 1 team in the nation against No. 3 (or No. 4, depending on the poll), Passer Gary Beban against Run-

the No. 2 spot. Two weeks ago, by a score of 3-0, they knocked Southern Cal's Trojans out of the unbeaten ranks and the No. 1 ranking. And how much recognition did those remarkable performances earn them? Not much. Last week, for the first time all season, Oregon State's "Spoilers" finally cracked the Top Ten in the wire-service polls—both of which rated them No. 8.

Hardly Flukes. The three games may have been upsets as far as the oddsmakers are concerned, but they were hardly flukes. Against Purdue, the fired-up Beaver defense forced the Boilermakers to fumble three times—and recovered all three. Against U.C.L.A., Oregon State missed a victory by the margin of two inches, when Fullback Bill Enyard was tackled exactly that far from the Bruins' goal line on a fourth-down plunge. Against Southern Cal, the Beavers beat the Trojans at their own game: ball control. They scored on a 30-yd. field goal by Mike Haggard (U.S.C. missed a 36-yarder that would have tied the score), never allowed the Trojans to penetrate past the Oregon State 44 in the last half of the game.

Aggressiveness is the key to winning, according to Dee Andros—and he has no shortage of it himself. He wears orange and black shoes (O.S.U. colors, naturally), leads his team's banzai charge onto the playing field, and growls: "I don't think it hurts to smile on Fridays—but on Saturdays, my kids don't even open their mouths." By next year, those kids may even start smiling on Saturdays. Every member of Oregon State's starting backfield will still be in school, as will all but three of the defensive platoon that held Southern Cal scoreless.

BASEBALL

Rendered unto Cesar

Charles Evans Hughes once went to bed thinking he was President of the U.S., and woke up to discover that he was just another citizen. Carl Michael Yastrzemski of the Boston Red Sox went to Puerto Rico at the end of the 1967 baseball season, apparently certain of winning unanimous selection as the American League's Most Valuable Player. And why not? Outfielder Yastrzemski led the league in batting (.326) and RBIs (121); he was tied for the lead in home runs (44), and had personally powered the Red Sox—who finished ninth in 1966—to the American League pennant. In the World Series against the St. Louis Cardinals, he hit .400 and clouted three home runs.

Last week, when the votes of the Baseball Writers' Association were counted, Yaz was indeed the Most Valuable Player—but only on 19 out of 20 secret ballots. The other vote went to Cesar Tovar, a utility infielder for the second-place Minnesota Twins who batted .267, hit six homers and drove in 47 runs. "Naturally," sighed Yastrzemski, "I would have liked it to be unanimous. But I'm happy to have won."



OREGON STATE'S HAGGARD KICKING FIELD GOAL AGAINST U.S.C.
It only hurts to smile on Saturdays.

ence leaders total 97, the Big Ten has 81, and the Big Eight and Southwest war horses are in the paltry 70s. Only the Western Athletic Conference at 105 per week and the Missouri Valley at 101 come close.

After a slow start, Yale mauled Brown (35-0), Cornell (41-7), Dartmouth (56-15), Penn (44-22) and Princeton (29-7); Dartmouth has averaged 24 points a game, capped by a 41-6 scalp of Brown; Princeton boasts better than 30 points a game, and rates as its finest hour a 45-6 manhandling of Harvard—which in turn warmed up on outsider Lafayette 51-0, then stomped Columbia 49-13 and Penn 45-7.

Their coaches blame this year's scores on the Ivy League's quarterbacks—particularly on their passing skills. Yale's Brian Dowling has 31 completions in 79 attempts for seven touchdowns in five games; Harvard's Ric Zimmerman already has eleven TD passes to his credit compared with seven all last year. Then

ner O. J. Simpson. At stake: the Pacific Eight title, a Rose Bowl bid and the Heisman Trophy. "Whichever team wins this game should be the national champion," insisted Southern Cal Coach John McKay. After what happened last Saturday—U.C.L.A.'s Beban passing for two T.D.s, U.S.C.'s Simpson running for two, Southern Cal winning by the slim margin of a missed extra point, 21-20—few experts disagreed with McKay's judgment.

Except Demosthenes Konstandines Andros—and the entire population (30,000) of Corvallis, Ore. A former Oklahoma guard, beefy "Dee" Andros, 43, is head coach of the Oregon State Beavers—if not the best team around, then certainly the most underrated. Five weeks ago, the Beavers scored a 22-14 victory over heavily favored (by 19 points) Purdue, then the No. 2-ranked team in the U.S. Three weeks ago, they battled to a 16-16 tie with the U.C.L.A. Bruins, who at that time held

HORSE RACING

Passing of the Ghost

He was one of U.S. sport's first great television heroes, the Saturday idol of millions, long before anyone heard of Arnie Palmer or Wilt the Stilt or Johnny U. Thousands of people sent him letters and greeting cards, little children organized fan clubs in his name, his portrait appeared on the cover of *TIME* (May 31, 1954). When he lost the 1953 Kentucky Derby by a head to a 25-1 shot named Dark Star, fans turned from their TV sets in tears.

That was the only race Native Dancer ever lost. In a three-year career marred by bad luck (he was knocked off stride by a swerving horse in the Derby) and a succession of physical ailments (bucked shins, stone bruises, a bad ankle, a sore hoof), Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's "Grey Ghost" won 21 out of 22 races and \$785,240—surpassing



NATIVE DANCER

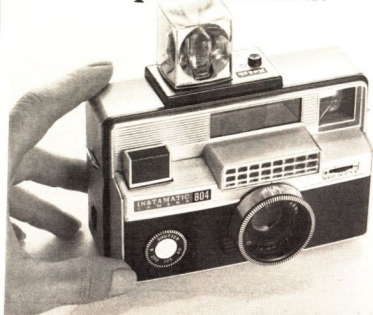
Bad luck for a snow-white stallion.

the record of the legendary Man o' War. He was such a favorite with the bettors that only in his very first race were Native Dancer's odds higher than 9 to 10. Retired in 1954 to Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farm in Maryland, the steel-grey horse gradually turned snow-white. He commanded a stud fee of \$20,000, highest of any individually owned stallion, and sired 231 offspring who so far have earned more than \$4,000,000. One of his grandsons, Northern Dancer, won the Kentucky Derby in 1964; one of his sons, Kauai King, won the Derby and the Preakness in 1966. This summer, at the Saratoga yearling sale, nine of his offspring brought an average \$61,000 each.

Last week at 17 (equivalent human age: 50), Native Dancer fell ill, and was rushed to the University of Pennsylvania's veterinary hospital, where surgeons removed an intestinal tumor. The operation was not a success; Native Dancer died of shock.

TIME, NOVEMBER 24, 1967

The sophisticated camera that's "simple" minded.



The KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera knows it all—and makes it easy. You never do any figuring. A built-in computer does it for you, making the correct exposure setting automatically. For daylight and for flash.

Practically everything else about the 804 is automatic, too. Automatically, it adjusts for the speed of the film, advances the film after each shot, tells you when to use flash, switches to flash speed when you pop on a flasheube, and turns the cube for the next shot. To load the 804, just drop in the film cartridge. To focus, use either the rangefinder or the quick "zone" settings. The lens is a fast *f* 2.8 and focuses from three feet to infinity.

Shouldn't you be clicking with the automated precision camera that lets you concentrate on the fun side of photography? Less than \$130 at your Kodak dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.

The Kodak Instamatic® 804 Camera



EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Gloom in Grad Schools

Last summer Congress knocked out draft deferments for all university graduate students except those who will be beyond one year of such work by next June or those pursuing medical studies.* Now graduate-school deans are beginning to realize that unless the law is changed or Selective Service enlarges the list of deferrable disciplines, they could lose as many as half of their prospective students next year.

Atmosphere of Futility. Columbia Graduate Faculties Dean Herbert Deane admits to being "scared to death" by the situation. University concern centers mainly on the fact that the complex planning for next year's budgets, faculty assignments and graduate fellowships must be made long before summer. The uncertainty about just how many graduate students will be called up, and when, is creating what University of Southern California Associate Graduate Dean Charles G. Mayo calls "an atmosphere of futility."

Most schools seem to be fearing the worst. Stanford Graduate Division Dean Virgil Whitaker foresees a "potential catastrophic disruption" that could take 75% of the students now in their first year of graduate studies. Dartmouth's School of Business Administration figures that its total enrollment will drop at least 50%; graduate schools at Cornell and the University of Wisconsin peg the loss at about one-third; those at Yale, Berkeley and the University of Massachusetts place it at 25%. Nearly all assume that most of their new students will be either women, veterans, foreigners, men with physical ailments or those over 25, which, under current practice, is the top draft age. "This is a pretty gloomy place," admits U.C.L.A. Graduate Division Dean Horace Magoun. "We cheer each other up by counting the number of students we know can't possibly be drafted."

In Expanded Facilities. The enrollment cutback—if it happens—would occur just at a time when most graduate schools have been expanding their facilities. The deans fear not only a sharp drop in income from tuition, but also a crippling of the research now largely carried out by graduate students on behalf of their supervising professors. Since graduate students also carry much of the undergraduate teaching load at big universities, a depletion of their ranks would force some professors out of their labs and libraries and back into classrooms. That, in turn, might force research-oriented scholars to switch to universities where the teaching demand was not so great.

Graduate deans do not contend that all their students should be deferred.

"That would be utterly immoral," says Berkeley Graduate Division Dean Sanford S. Elberg. But the universities argue that, whenever possible, students should be called before they enter grad school or after receiving their degrees—and not in academic midstream. Indicating the extent of the schools' concern, the Association of American Universities and the Council of Graduate Schools have petitioned the Defense Department to spell out precisely how many graduate students will be drafted. Professors at many universities are busy writing their Congressmen, friends in the Pentagon and even the President, asking for clarification.



INTERN JONES & COLORADO'S BARNETT
Only two Cokes in the hole.

COLLEGES

Picking Presidents

Nearly 300 college presidencies in the U.S. are vacant this year—which suggests that the nation desperately needs a pool of skilled academic administrators. In the past, the grooming of college chief executives has often owed as much to chance as choice—a reluctant professor unexpectedly does well when his department's revolving chairmanship is thrust upon him, a dean displays a special talent for public relations or fund raising, a learned Government official wants an academic post.

One promising way of taking the guesswork out of presidential promotions is the internship program sponsored by the American Council on Education. Seeking out aspiring administrators on practically every U.S. campus, the A.C.E. every year sends up to 45 of them to another school as assistants to a top college administrator. There, the interns spend a year shadow-boxing with the problems of their hosts, taking a detailed look at how another campus operates—and incidentally enjoying more study time than they are likely to have again in their career.

Open Doors. Most interns spend their first weeks totally immersed in the problems of their new campuses. For Sister Mary Christopher Steele, assistant to the president of Detroit's Mercy College and now interning at Colorado College, that means at least one lengthy committee meeting a day plus in-depth interviews with upperclassmen fighting low mid-term grades. Associate Speech Professor Thomas Fernandez of Illinois' Monmouth College, on the run consulting with one administrator after another at Atlanta's Emory University, says: "I haven't encountered one single door closed to me."

After orientation, interns spend their time trying to solve the same kind of administrative puzzles that constantly occupy their bosses. Boston University's John Cartwright, assistant to a student affairs dean, already has persuaded students at the University of California's Santa Cruz campus to get off "the top of this hill" and help tutor the area's high school pupils from culturally deprived areas. Sister Mary Christopher surveyed student rights on 20 campuses as an aid to a Colorado College committee assigned to draft a student rights bill. Air Force Academy Associate Professor George H. Janczewski, assigned to work with University of Pennsylvania Provost David Goddard, budgeted the host school's international programs in New Zealand.

Most interns agree on the value of close association with experienced administrators. Billy Mac Jones, special assistant to the president of tiny Angelo State College in Texas, reviews issues at the University of Colorado with his mentor, Student Affairs Vice President Glenn Barnett, then bets him a Coca-Cola on the outcome. After ten weeks of forecasting, Jones is only two Cokes in the hole. Janczewski thinks of himself as "a working member of the provost's department," but echoes a majority of his fellow interns when he admits: "I can make mistakes for which I am not responsible."

Faculty Turncoats. The privilege of dealing intimately with top administrators can cause internal friction with host faculties; understandably, many professors harbor grudges against ambitious "faculty turncoats" in their own midst, not to mention outsiders. Perhaps because of his Air Force intelligence background, Janczewski has been the target of some suspicion at Penn, though Goddard insists: "He's definitely not a provost's spy."

Sponsored by a \$4,750,000 Ford Foundation grant, the A.C.E. program pays interns the salary they received at their home college, makes them promise to return for at least a year. The council picks about one of every seven prospects, who must survive a round of exams, essays and interviews. The A.C.E. picks well: of 23 fellows chosen in 1965—the first year of the program—four are already college presidents and all but one of the others has been promoted.

* Including medicine, dentistry, veterinary medicine, osteopathy and optometry.



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Geo. A. Dickel & Co., 90 Proof, Tullahoma, Tennessee

CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Blood on the Soapsuds

Poland's Roman Polanski (*Knife in the Water*) is hopping mad about *The Fearless Vampire Killers*, or *Pardon Me, But Your Teeth Are in My Neck*. Alleging that his U.S. producers cut 19 minutes of footage and otherwise tampered with his handiwork, he spatters: "What I made was a funny, spook fairy tale, and this is a sort of Transylvanian *Beverly Hillsbillies*!"

Polanski has requested that he not be mentioned in any connection with the movie. The difficulty is that there are so many connections: he not only directed but also helped write the film, plays one of the principal parts himself, and his girl friend (Sharon Tate) is the female lead. But it is easy to see why Polanski would prefer to blush unseen. Neither spooky nor spoofy, *Vampire Killers* never manages to get out of the coffin.

Hunting the wily vampire, a batty professor (Jack MacGowran) and his simpaton assistant (Polanski) come to Dracula country and put up at an inn suspiciously festooned in garlic—a well-known specific against bloodsuckers. Things augur well when the luscious Sharon Tate is savagely fondled and fangled in her bath by caped Count Krollock, who makes off with her into the snowy night, leaving a sinister splash of blood on the soapsuds. But by the time that professor and assistant totter to the rescue with their bag of crucifixes (to ward off the vampires), the plot creaks even more than the doors and floor boards of Krollock Castle.

There are some pretty snowscapes, though, shot in the Italian Dolomites. And there is one hilarious reprise of an old burlesque gag: girl in bed raises crucifix to thwart approaching snaggletooth, who merely chuckles. "Baby," he says in a richly Yiddish accent, "hev you ever got the wrong vampire!"



POLANSKI (RIGHT) IN "KILLERS"
Too many connections.



HAUDEPIN & LACOMBRADE
Too cramped by discipline.

Schoolboy Sins

Anticlerical Novelist Roger Peyrefitte scandalized postwar France in 1945 with *Les Amitiés Particulières*, the story of a homosexual love affair between two boys in a Roman Catholic boarding school. As filmed by French Director Jean Delannoy, *This Special Friendship* turns out to be both poignant and disturbing. Its impact depends not on lubricity—the schoolboy crush at the center of the story is idealistic and unconsummated. It is based on Delannoy's deft projection of the human agony behind the cry of St. Paul: "For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

To an upper-class, priest-run school comes a new boy, Georges (Francis Lacombrade). He is 16, handsome, intelligent and reserved. The school is rigid with discipline and clerical policing, up tight with sexual tension. In this tensely celibate world, Georges is shocked to discover that the classmate who first befriended him is having a love affair with another boy.

In a crisis of conscience he turns in an incriminating letter he has found, signed by his friend's lover, who is quickly expelled. Soon Georges is attracted to Alexandre, a pretty ten-year-old in the lower school. They meet in secret, exchange poems, swear eternal friendship in a blood ceremony. The open, cheerful innocence of the younger boy neutralizes Georges' sexual longings, and the relationship remains on the platonic plane.

Around them, though, the school is seething with suspicion and suppression. A priest-teacher, whose mind is slowly cracking with frustrated desire, threatens to take Alexandre away from Georges by becoming Alexandre's confessor. Finally the two boys are discovered in a clandestine meeting by a

humane priest whose wisdom has been too cramped by his spiritual discipline to foresee the tragedy he triggers.

Author Peyrefitte himself attended such a school, but that was half a century ago, and the climate of the church and its education has certainly changed. Even so, there are still forces of righteousness striving, self-ignorance and guilt in the world that are capable of retracing the story of little Alexandre and poor Georges.

The Big Yawn

In *Tony Rome*, Frank Sinatra appears as a private eye for the first time. That fact may be of some interest to members of his immediate family, and the film may appeal to boosters of Miami Beach, which has seldom sparkled so prettily as it does here in Panavision-DeLuxe. Others are likely to find the movie nothing more than a blatantly inept, uncredited remake of Humphrey Bogart's 1946 *The Big Sleep*.

That Sinatra is no Bogart is hardly news. What is more to the point is that neither Screen Writer Richard Breen nor Director Gordon Douglas affords him much opportunity to be Sinatra, an attractive enough role under proper auspices. Instead, he sleepwalks through the baroque entanglements of a plot involving a millionaire's daughter in hot water, some jewelry stolen and forged, and a veritable menagerie of dope addicts, lesbian strippers, crooked nightclub owners, exasperated cops and good-hearted luses.

The film also stops now and then to ogle gratuitous and unfunny sight gags, like Sinatra asleep on his office sofa under a Yiddish newspaper. It remains one of Hollywood's major mysteries why a performer who puts so much style into his records so often sabotages his genuine talents in shoddy and ill-chosen movie vehicles.



SINATRA IN "ROME"
Too little Bogeyman.



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MILESTONES

Married. Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, 45, Manhattan socialite daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, distant cousin of Winston Churchill; and Theodore Roubanis, 27, sometime actor, full-time playboy, and onetime companion of Actress Jeanne Moreau; she for the third time; in Philadelphia.

Divorced. Ralph Schoenman, 32, Brooklyn-born secretary to British Pacificist Bertrand Russell and organizer of last May's Stockholm circus "trial" that convicted the U.S. of "war crimes" in Viet Nam; by Susan Goodricke Schoenman, 25, his wife of five years; in Bournemouth, England. In granting the divorce on uncontested grounds of cruelty, the judge noted Schoenman's "sexual aberrations" and his habit of "refusing to wash or bathe except on very rare occasions."

Divorced. J. D. Salinger, 48, solitary author, whose Glass family chronicles have been produced painfully and slowly (only one story in *The New Yorker* in the past eight years); by Claire Salinger, 33, his second wife; after twelve years of marriage, two children; in Newport, N.H. She charged treatment "to injure health and endanger reason" based on his indifference and refusal to communicate. He did not contest.

Died. Air Force Major Michael J. Adams, 37, in the crash of his X-15 rocket plane (see *THE NATION*).

Died. Major General Bruno A. Hochmuth, 56, commander of the 3rd Marine Division in Viet Nam (see *THE NATION*).

Died. Bernard Kilgore, 59, president of Dow Jones & Co. from 1945 to 1966; of cancer; in Princeton, N.J. The Indiana-born newsman signed on at the Wall Street Journal in 1929, made his way to the top by 1941 and thereafter transformed the parochial financial paper into one of the nation's most influential newspapers, aimed, as Kilgore liked to say, "at everyone who is engaged in making a living or is interested in how other people make a living." As the Journal rose to 1,000,000 circulation (second only to the New York Daily News), Kilgore added the *National Observer* (1962) to the Dow Jones stable, which, with *Barron's* financial weekly and the profitable financial ticker service, was bringing in annual revenues of \$83 million when he retired last year.

Died. Joan Lowell, 64, author and perpetrator of one of the great hoaxes in U.S. letters; of a lung hemorrhage; in Sobradinho, Brazil. In 1929, she wrote an instant bestseller, *The Cradle of the Deep*, a purported autobiographical account of how she and her father

adventured through the Seven Seas for 17 years. The only flaws were an obvious lack of nautical knowledge and the fact that friends remembered her as a California schoolgirl. Shrugged Joan, as the Book-of-the-Month Club offered refunds: "Any damn fool can be accurate—and dull."

Died. Serafino Romualdi, 66, U.S. labor's man-in-Latin-America; of a heart attack; in Mexico City. An Italian-born veteran of the I.L.G.W.U., Romualdi spent 16 years as the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s ambassador to Latin American workers, supplying expertise and setting a key anti-Communist role by playing up the Inter-American Regional Organization of Workers, whose affiliated members today number 28 million v. 600,000 in Communist-dominated unions.

Died. Clementine Paddleford, 67, food author and editor (*How America Eats*); of cancer; in New York. For a woman who cared not a fig about her own cooking (strictly steaks and baked beans), she had a genius for whetting the nation's appetite in her 21 years as columnist for the New York Herald Tribune and other newspapers, sniffing out succulent recipes and savoring soufflés that "melt and vanish in a moment like smoke or a dream."

Died. Ida Cox, seventyish, last of the great female blues singers of the '20s and '30s; of cancer; in Knoxville, Tenn. Ida often wailed her nasal laments (*The Moanin', Groanin' Blues, Hard Times*) for Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver, and Louis Armstrong, whom she once recalled as "just another boy blowing a horn for the King."

Died. Sir Archibald Nye, 72, British lieutenant general and diplomat; of pulmonary edema; in London. Enlisting as a private in 1914, Nye rocketed through the ranks to become Vice Chief of the Imperial General Staff in World War II, youngest ever to hold the post. Later, as High Commissioner to India from 1948 to 1952, he persuaded Nehru to remain in the Commonwealth after independence; as High Commissioner to Canada from 1952 to 1956, he strengthened trade ties between Britain and Canada.

Died. Dr. Elmer V. McCollum, 88, pioneering nutritionist who identified the first vitamin; of a kidney ailment; in Baltimore. In 1913, he separated vitamin A from butterfat and discovered its relationship to good eyesight; later he found vitamin B (which prevents beriberi) in milk sugar, in 1922 found vitamin D in cod-liver oil and determined its importance (sturdy bones and teeth)—all of which helped promote diet as a national concern and foster today's \$300 million vitamin industry.



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Venezuela, Viet Nam, Virgin Islands, West Indies. Instead, it's a list of those foreign locations where Georgia-Pacific has sales outlets . . . 54 in all.

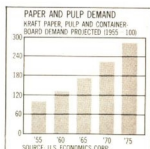
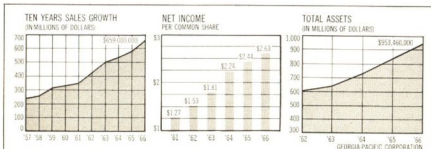
Paper Consumption to Increase

These include countries of great potential. Countries where the standard of living and use of paper products, building materials and chemicals is increasing rapidly. For instance, United Nations figures show free world per capita consumption of paper and paper products increasing nearly 30% by 1975, over 1965 levels. This means the industry must build about 200 plants of 500 tons a day capacity to meet the demand. Building materials use is expected to rise

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BUSINESS

OPINION

One Slice of the Pie

For all their worries, businessmen rarely sound like apocalyptic prophets. Yet last week President Rudolph A. Peterson of the San Francisco-based Bank of America, the world's largest private bank, gave ominous voice to a problem that increasingly dismays many U.S. leaders. In a London speech, Peterson warned that Europe's "new economic nationalism" and the protectionist response it seems to be stirring up in the U.S. have created an impasse that could undermine world prosperity and even lead to war.

"The growing spirit of factionalism is a clear danger to the cohesion of the Atlantic community," said Peterson. "At the very best, its projection into the future implies a slowdown in the economic growth rate of the free world and a particular slowdown in continental Europe. At worst, it raises the specter of accelerating restrictions on capital flow and along with it those notorious hand-maidens of capital control: tariff walls, trade wars and isolationist trade blocs. While these projected consequences have unpleasant economic results, the political reverberations could be awesome. We are marching steadily toward a dangerous confrontation between the rich and poor nations of this small planet. Together, the U.S. and Europe can avert tragedy. But without the cohesion of the Atlantic region, the peace and prosperity—indeed the ultimate survival—of mankind could be in dire jeopardy. We are approaching a crossroads of profound importance."

Beyond Nationalism. Though Peterson's audience was composed of British and U.S. businessmen at a Savoy Hotel lunch of the American Chamber of Commerce of the U.K., his words were plainly aimed at corporate and government chiefs everywhere. "It is just possible," said Peterson, "that businesses have the potential to handle internationalism better than governments." Specifically, he proposed "increasing operational cooperation" among businessmen on both sides of the Atlantic, especially through multinational corporations—companies owned and operated by citizens of several nations.

Similar views have lately been aired with growing frequency by other U.S. executives, notably former Under Secretary of State George W. Ball, now chairman of Lehman Brothers International, Ltd., the overseas arm of the Manhattan investment banking house. Last month Ball even suggested that multinational companies be allowed to escape the control of individual nations through a treaty creating an "international companies law." Only thus, Ball argues, can global enterprises avoid "the

stifling restrictions imposed on commerce by the archaic limits of nation states" and realize their potential to "use the world's resources with maximum efficiency."

Shadow & Substance. Peterson not only backs Ball's suggestions, but last week he also urged the world's businessmen to nudge their governments toward six other reforms: 1) a multinational investment guarantee system within the World Bank to ensure against what he called "non-business" (political) risks, 2) an international legal code to protect private property from expropriation, 3) development of the European capital market, 4) more closely meshed

planes. But the cheap promotional fares are putting such a squeeze on profit margins that last week four major trunk carriers agreed that the time had come to dump some of the discounts.

In separate petitions to the Civil Aeronautics Board, United, TWA, American and Eastern Air Lines asked permission to curtail use of the almost industry-wide "Discover America" excursion fares. Generally, such fares offer a 25% discount from regular round-trip jet coach rates, while requiring travelers to return no sooner than the following calendar week and no later than 30 days after they start. The fare cannot be used during two peak travel



PETERSON SPEAKING IN LONDON
Managers of the world, unite!

national patent systems, 5) broader approaches to antitrust problems and 6) a freer flow of technology. "We have created the illusion of multinationalism without the reality, the shadow without the substance," he argued. "To borrow from Cassius, the fault is not with the concept but with ourselves."

In their pursuit of multinational activities, Peterson added, U.S. businessmen must learn to "temper the typical American goal to be first and biggest. Our effort must be to help expand the market for the benefit of all and to be content with one slice of an ever-growing pie."

AIRLINES

Dumping the Discounts

The battle began in 1963, when American Airlines offered half-price seats to servicemen on a standby basis. Ever since, U.S. airlines have been competing for traffic with an ever proliferating and vastly confusing array of cut-rate fares. As a result, more passengers than ever are crowding aboard

times: noon to midnight Fridays and noon Sundays to noon Mondays.

The First Step. Much to their dismay, the airlines have discovered that many a businessman who had been counted on to pay full fare has learned to juggle his travel to take advantage of the cut-rate schedules. TWA figures that \$20 million worth of business that otherwise would have produced full fares will be diverted to discount fares this year, adding only \$16.7 million to revenues. "In this respect, we've been our own worst enemies," says Executive Vice President G. Ray Woody of National Airlines. Despite a 17% rise in total operating revenues, the nation's eleven major domestic carriers and Pan American World Airways suffered a 9% drop in operating profits during the first half of this year.

It was with such statistics in mind that United, TWA and American, in addition to seeking to restrict the hours and days their "Discover America" fares may be used, proposed to abolish their \$200 excursion fare for transcontinental round trips and get the price back to

S217. United President George Keck describes such moves as "a logical first step" toward raising airline profits. This amounted to a broad hint that next year the carriers may ask for a general fare increase, their first since 1962.

Cupcakes in Hot Pink. For all their financial pinch, the carriers are still repping up frills and frippery to woo customers. Pacific Airlines not long ago put its stewardesses in "hot pink" uniforms and advertised them delectably as "cupcakes." Staid Northwest Airlines added a mink collar to its stewardess attire last month—and lifted hemlines just above the knee. To whip up interest in its South American routes, Braniff has just introduced such gourmet dishes as *Cebiche Peruano de Pescado* (raw fish steeped in lemon juice)

by selling seats on its middle-of-the-night freight and mail flights. A trip from Boston to Detroit costs only \$27.15, or 5¢ less than bus fare.

Clearing the Cabin. Coddling of passengers goes just so far, though, and the airlines have yet to devise baggage rules that keep everybody happy. Because too many people have been sneaking aboard with everything from caged pets to rubber trees and stuffed elk heads, the FAA last month flatly prohibited carry-on luggage too big to fit beneath seats (which generally accommodate packages 9 in. high, 13 in. wide, 23 in. long). As one result, American Airlines has stocked O'Hare Airport in Chicago with hundreds of cardboard containers for items plucked from their customers' arms. As another result, Violinist Emery Deutsch was recently forced to pay an extra half fare for a seat to carry his \$40,000 Guarnerius from New York to Chicago. One airline went so far as to refuse to let a woman passenger keep her crutches at her seat, insisting that they must be stowed in the coat compartment. Coeds have been barred from boarding with stuffed shopping bags, and hippies have faced a similar rebuff. Last week a teen-ager headed for San Francisco in Levi's, sweatshirt and bare feet painted bright red approached a TWA gate in Chicago. "You can't get aboard," ruled the agent, "unless you wash your feet—and put on some shoes."

Flies & Vermin. The meat-packing industry has changed from downright opposition to any federal intervention in intrastate business to outright embracing of the Montoya bill. For as the subcommittee hearings continue, meat packers and grocers alike are hurting from the publicity generated by mounting evidence of irregular and insufficient intrastate meat-inspecting practices. Graphic descriptions were presented to the subcommittee from a 1962 Agriculture Department report of non-federally controlled meat-packing houses alive with flies and vermin. The subcommittee was also told that in 1966 federal inspectors forced producers to discard 250 million pounds of unwholesome meat.

In yet another test, the Department of Agriculture last July examined non-federally inspected processed meat products on grocery-store shelves—including Atlantic & Pacific, Kroger and First National Stores—in 38 states. Of the 162 samples tested, only 39 were able to meet federal standards. In most cases, the products contained more than the specified amounts of water, binder, cereals and nonfat dry milk, additives that do not necessarily injure health but do devalue the meat.

Switching Bills. With Mondale racking up mileage from his publicly popular cause—and with headline-grabbing Ralph Nader and labor unions joining the fight for across-the-board federal standards—it was not surprising last week that the Johnson Administration switched allegiance from Montoya to Mondale. Said Consumer Affairs Special Assistant Betty Furness: "The American housewife wants immediate and mandatory meat inspection." Speaking of the Montoya bill, she added: "I believe the housewife is unwilling to wait two years or three years or longer before she can be confident that the meat she serves her family is healthful." Best guess, however, is that the subcommittee will compromise on a bill closer to Montoya's version so as to avoid a floor fight before a final vote by the Senate.

FOOD

Meat Fit to Eat

Upton Sinclair's book *The Jungle*, a scathing exposé of the filthy conditions existing in the nation's meat-packing plants, led to passage of the 1906 Meat Inspection Act. Still in force, the act requires the Department of Agriculture to inspect every red-meat animal whose carcass moves in interstate commerce—both before and after slaughter. Trouble is, 15% of the slaughtered animals and 25% of the processed meat do not cross state lines and thus escape federal regulation. Policing of this meat is left to the states, but only 29 have mandatory meat-inspection laws, and most of those are considered inadequate by the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

In an attempt to bolster state inspection services, the House of Representatives earlier this year voted 403 to 1 to provide grants of up to half the appropriated cost of state meat-inspection programs that live up to federal standards. In hearings before a Senate agriculture subcommittee, New Mexico's Democratic Senator Joseph M. Montoya proposed federal takeover of any state's inspection program that failed after two or three years to measure up to U.S. Government standards. Going a long step further, Minnesota's Democratic Senator Walter F. Mondale last week was pushing a bill calling for federal inspection of all meat sold for human consumption.

BUILDING

Instant Hotel

Every 35 minutes, the monster crane with a boom almost as long as a football field plucked a 35-ton concrete box from a waiting truck-trailer and swung it high over the construction site beside the San Antonio River. Ever so delicately, Crane Operator Gene Smith steadied the massive shell against the push of the wind; every gust was countered by radioed adjustments in the pitch of a helicopter tail rotor mounted on the lifting rig. With directional help from a magnetic compass, Smith gently stacked each concrete box atop an identical unit, to which it was sealed with more concrete. Seventy-two times last week, a guest room was thus lofted into place around the 21-story elevator



AMERICAN AIRLINES CONTAINERS AT O'HARE
And no hippies with red feet.

and *Arroz con Pato Chifa* (marinated duckling in soy sauce with date, rice and walnut dressing) even aboard domestic flights. Reinforcing its \$2,000,000-a-year take-the-wife-along campaign, United has been spending its own money to promote the availability of reduced rates for couples at the Hilton and Sheraton hotel chains and the Hertz and Avis rent-a-car companies.

For the nation's 13 regional airlines, fare slicing still seems the best way to fill empty seats, most of which are vacant because their new jets provide increased capacity. Ozark, with an operating loss of \$240,000 for the first nine months of the year, gives students and military men confirmed space at a 33% discount, lets clergymen fly on a standby basis for half fare. Next month it plans a \$30 weekend special allowing a passenger to fly anywhere in the system from Saturday morning to Sunday afternoon. With a similar scheme, Mohawk increased its Saturday traffic by 46% during the first half of the year. Mohawk is also turning a profit

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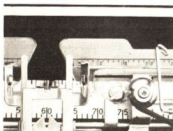
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With everything from lights to linens.

core of San Antonio's fast-rising Hilton Palacio Del Rio Hotel.

Contractor Henry B. Zachry borrowed the basic idea for his instant-construction technique from Expo 67's Habitat, a twelve-story Montreal housing complex built of prefabricated concrete apartments piled up like children's blocks. The method promises to cut construction time on Zachry's \$10 million, 445-room hotel from a normal twelve months to eight. And only by such a speedup could the hotel be completed in time for the April opening of San Antonio's HemisFair '68, of which Zachry is chairman. Though he estimates that so far the technique itself has cost about as much as conventional construction, the 33% faster schedule will not only save Zachry a bundle of money in financing costs but also enable the hotel to start earning money sooner. And Zachry owns the hotel; Hilton will lease and manage it.

Factory Furnished. The process is remarkably efficient because every guest room is not only precast but completely pre-equipped. Everything from plumbing and wiring to light bulbs, bed linen and furniture (which is bolted to the floor or walls) is installed before the rooms leave a factory-like production line seven miles from the site. To allow workmen space to repair pipes and wires in later years, the room modules are set 20 inches apart and the resulting gaps in the hotel's façade are filled with brick. To provide corridors, the back of each room module comes with a 21-ft. protruding concrete lip, which is sealed to a similar lip to form a 5-ft. hallway.

In Russia and much of Europe, builders have been achieving construction economies for years with variations of Zachry's technique. "This is going to

be the trend of the future," says Manhattan Architect William Tabler, the busiest U.S. designer of hotels. "What Zachry is doing is wonderful. I'd be doing it too, if we could." Like most contractors, Tabler blames organized labor for preventing adoption of such cost-cutting methods, sometimes by the threat of tying up a job in jurisdictional disputes, sometimes through covert control of local building codes. In New York City, for instance, Electrical Workers Local 3 will install only light fixtures made by its own members.

Zachry faces no such problems. Much building labor in San Antonio remains unorganized. And commercial construction costs, according to the American Appraisal Co.'s widely used index, rank as sixth lowest among U.S. cities—8% above those in cheapest Savannah, Ga., and Jackson, Miss., but 35% below those in costliest New York City.

ENTERTAINMENT

Greatest Show on Earth

Flamboyant Showman Roy Hofheinz already has his own personal steel and Lucite colosseum—the \$38 million Houston Astrodome. But he figured that the old Colosseum in Rome was the only place for last week's occasion. Leading a flock of family, flacks and photographers, plus an unruly lion, Hofheinz and his partners, Washington, D.C. Impresarios Israel and Irvin Feld, met in the grand ruins to buy the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus from John Ringling North for \$10 million. North, after all, has a home in Rome, so the Colosseum, said Irvin Feld, "was a natural. You could hardly have done the thing any place else."

The Roman cops were not so sure. When the visitors, lacking a table to

sign papers on, began moving a heavy stone slab around to make do, a dozen carabinieri came on the run to halt what looked like desecration of a national monument. When the sideshow ended at last, "the Greatest Show on Earth" passed to its new owners.

At 64, North had been boss of the 97-year-old family circus since 1936, and with his brother Henry, 58, held a controlling 51% of the stock. While John lived in Paris, Rome and Zurich for most of the past four years, he left details to Henry and grew ever more weary of dealing with fractious minority shareholders.

One reason why North finally agreed to sell was that the deal included the Felds, who gross \$6,500,000 a year handling such headliners as Harry Belafonte and Andy Williams. As agents for the circus since 1956, they were credited with helping it survive at a time when TV was hurting the box office and its own costly small-town "big top" shows were hurting profits. Now well in the black, the circus is expected to end its current season next week with a record \$8,500,000 in receipts.

The circus also made a mark at Hofheinz's Astrodome two years ago, when it drew a record crowd of 41,000 for a single performance. Hofheinz, 55, wants to cover "the gamut of family entertainment." Along with a convention-minded Astrohall and four Astromotels in the works, he is building a \$10 million, 56-acre Astroworld (a Texas version of Disneyland) hard by the Astrodome to be "the greatest complex of family enjoyment, sports entertainment and show facilities in the world." That does not leave much for the Greatest Show on Earth, but its fans can be thankful that it will be on the road next year, just about as before.



ISRAEL FELD, HOFHEINZ, NORTH, IRVING FELD IN ROME
What could be more natural?

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**"Johnnie Walker"®
Black Label**

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Unfortunately, college kids don't even dislike American business.

They just ignore it.

That's our biggest problem. Because dislike, at least, would give us a chance for a dialogue. But indifference just closes the door in our face.

So each June, business goes right on losing more bright young people to teaching, public service, government and other non-business fields for the wrong reasons.

Because they think business is dull, money-grubbing, conformist, self-centered—you name it.

And we haven't convinced them otherwise.

Sure, there are still more students who want a career in business than don't. And there are plenty of companies, like Olin, who haven't felt the squeeze.

But that doesn't mean we can ignore the problem, or even settle for halfway measures to solve it.

There are other factors involved.

Last year, business got only two graduates for every three it wanted. (In engineering, it was one for two.)

But this year, with the number of graduates remaining roughly the same, corporation hiring goals jumped 53% higher.

Allow for the effect of the draft, and the fact that more students than ever before are going on to graduate school before settling on a career, and the picture gets even bleaker.

So business just can't afford to lose any graduates

unnecessarily.

What's the answer?

Part of it is to recognize that today's student is no longer interested in the old lures of salary, pension and profit sharing alone. He's looking for challenge and responsibility, too.

He wants the opportunity to help solve the great social issues of our time—ignorance, poverty, race relations, and a dozen others.

And, if he doesn't know that this opportunity does exist in business—probably to an even greater degree than in government or social work—then he hasn't been reached with the facts.

That's why if any company is having trouble attracting students, it ought to take a new look at itself.

Has it kept pace with the new goals of our kids? Is it telling them—indeed, is it in a position to tell them—what they really want to know? Or is it merely blaming “student attitudes” for its own shortcomings?

Changes based on the answers to these questions won't be easy to make, of course.

But it's certainly worth trying, whatever the cost. Because if companies with recruiting problems can succeed in getting their stories across to students, they won't be just helping themselves.

They'll be helping all business.

Olin

WHY DAN CARSON USES 3 PITNEY-BOWES MACHINES TO HELP MAIL JUST 12 LETTERS A DAY.



Six years ago, Dan Carson and his wife sat down at their kitchen table and started compiling a list of prospects for a store in their town of Baldwin, New York. Today, Dan's list has grown into Carson's List of Brides-To-Be.

Every week, names and addresses of newly-engaged girls are clipped from newspapers, compiled into lists and mailed to subscribers such as bridal shops and photographers.

In their own ways, three Pitney-Bowes machines help Dan meet his deadlines with time to spare.

One of our mailing scales weighs outgoing lists exact to the fraction of an ounce. (Which is important since subscribers can buy lists covering anywhere from 1 to 62 areas and the

weights of the lists are rarely the same.)

Our desk model postage meter neatly prints the postage—and only the postage the scale says is needed—on each piece of mail that's sent out. Letter by letter, the meter keeps count of how much of Dan's budget is spent in postage. The meter eliminates, too, the bother of keeping a stock of stamps along with the stocks of lists.

Besides saving time by printing each subscriber's name and address on every list mailed, our 701 Addresser-Printer has become a permanent record of pertinent data on each of Dan's subscribers. The plates hold not just the subscriber's name and address, but also his billing number and area code letters that tell which lists to mail

and how much to bill him at the end of the month. As Dan told us, "The Pitney-Bowes' plate was the only one large enough to hold all the data we need."

There's another machine that helps Dan with his work. One that has nothing to do with outgoing mail. A Pitney-Bowes LH mailopener. It just has everything to do with getting incoming mail quickly opened and out of the way.

Even if you mail less than Dan Carson's average of just 12 letters a day, a Pitney-Bowes representative can show you how any one of our machines can oil the wheels in your business. No matter how small they may be.



Pitney-Bowes

For information, write Pitney-Bowes, Inc., 1219 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904. Postage Meters, Addresser-Printers, Folders, Inserters, Counters & Imprinters, Scales, Mailopeners, Collators, Copiers.

ENTREPRENEURS

Weinstock Wins

For three of the four men who lunched together last week in the executive dining room of Britain's Associated Electrical Industries Ltd. on Grosvenor Place, London, the menu included a side order of crow. The humiliation of A.E.I. Chairman Sir Charles Wheeler, Chief Executive Sir Joseph Latham and Finance Director John Barber stemmed from the circumstances of the lunch. Their guest, General Electric Co. Ltd. Managing Director Arnold Weinstock, 43, had just acquired their company in one of the bitterest takeover battles in British business history and had come to Grosvenor Place to begin putting it into effect.

In a country where titles and family count heavily in business, Weinstock is the son of an immigrant Polish tailor. He was educated at state schools instead of Eton or Harrow, graduated from the University of London rather than Oxford or Cambridge. Weinstock joined General Electric—no kin to the U.S.'s G.E.—in 1961 when G.E.C. bought out Radio & Allied Holdings, an electronics firm founded by his father-in-law.

From Red to Black. Because his father-in-law's holdings made him G.E.C.'s biggest stockholder, Weinstock soon became managing director. Since that time he has ruthlessly turned the stagnant company around. Unprofitable heavy-equipment divisions have been sold off, red-linked offices closed, personnel trimmed, including a cut in the headquarters office force from 2,000 to 200. Weinstock set up new accounting procedures to monitor G.E.C.'s progress, and executives who did not measure up to his operating standards were promptly fired or allowed to resign. In five years, G.E.C.'s earnings quadrupled to \$25.4 million, after taxes, on sales of \$458.5 million; the company be-

came Britain's third largest electric-equipment manufacturer and one of the country's most profitable operations. This year, with sales of consumer goods off in a sluggish economy, G.E.C.'s earnings have dropped 14% though.

Associated Electrical, meanwhile, was doing worse. Although it was next to the largest in the industry (after English Electric), its earnings of \$37.5 million last year were 47% lower than the year before. Thus, when Weinstock offered to buy out A.E.I. for \$448 million, some stockholders, including the Church of England (which owns stock worth \$8,400,000) leaped at the chance. In a six-week battle during which both sides spent about \$550,000 on advertising alone, Weinstock won about 70% of A.E.I.'s shares.

With the Giants. After merging the two companies into a \$1.2 billion firm, Weinstock will repeat the renovation he carried out at G.E.C. He is expected to phase out unprofitable manufacture of heavy generators and transformers, concentrate on telecommunications and electronics, in which the company can compete against such foreign firms as ITT and General Telephone & Electronics Corp. of the U.S., Europe's Philips and Siemens A.G. and Japan's Nippon Electric Co. Ltd. "The future," insists the young executive, "lies with the giants." And Arnold Weinstock obviously classes himself with the giants.

In Deep Water

Rumors have been circulating for nearly a year that Millionaire Jerry Wolman's financial empire is on the verge of crumbling. Last week in Philadelphia, 40-year-old Wolman, onetime boy wonder of the construction industry and still the owner of 52% of the National Football League's Philadelphia Eagles, admitted that he is indeed in big trouble. Stung by the morning *Inquirer's* speculating on his finances, Wolman called a press conference at the unusual hour of 8:30 a.m., presumably to give the more friendly afternoon *Bulletin* his side of the story. He announced that he lost \$15.5 million recently, that bankruptcy "could come at any minute," and that he needs about \$7,000,000 in cash right now in order to stay solvent. He blamed his woes on a combination of "tight money" and his own "bad planning."

Wolman's plight was brought into the open by a lawsuit for the relatively piddling amount of \$174,000, the balance of a \$600,000 bill the American Seating Co. claims he owes it. The corporation had put 15,000 seats in Philadelphia's Spectrum, a Wolman-constructed, \$12.5 million sports arena. If Wolman's 300 other creditors follow American Seating's example, the chain-smoking entrepreneur, who values his assets at \$92 million and his liabilities at more than \$85 million, could be wiped out. Says he: "I can't tell how close to bankruptcy I am. It's up to the creditors. If the creditors don't take stu-



WOLMAN AT PRESS CONFERENCE

The will to hang on.

pid action, like American Seating, I'm convinced I can bring them all out whole."

Destination Unknown. Wolman had his first brush with creditors in 1949 at age 22, when he and his brother opened a grocery store and could not pay \$5,000 in bills. He issued promissory notes, then piled into a 1938 Chevrolet and drove off with his wife—destination unknown. Only a chance pickup of a \$75-a-week job in a paint store. His wife went to work for an insurance company. From their combined incomes, Wolman paid off the creditors, and in 1952 he decided to start his own paint-contracting business. This, in turn, led him into real estate—and more debt.

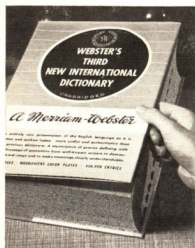
Inexperienced in the ways of realty, he built houses in Virginia, tried to sell them when the market was glutted, and went \$100,000 in the hole. But he managed to convince subcontractors that they would get their money, then borrowed \$700,000 to build an apartment house in Arlington, Va. This time he hit pay dirt, and in nine months realized a \$200,000 profit. As the Government grew and the housing demand picked up, Wolman's fortunes soared. Just 16 years after arriving in Washington, he was worth \$35 million, on paper. His real estate holdings stretched from Philadelphia to Chicago, where the John Hancock Life Insurance Co. helped finance a Wolman scheme for a 100-story office-residential building.

Short of Sources. Then, last December, Wolman began running short of money sources; he sold John Hancock his interest in the Chicago skyscraper for \$5,500,000, getting only half his investment back. Now his other holdings are also threatened—including millions in real estate, Philadelphia's Connie Mack Stadium and the Yellow Cab companies of Philadelphia and Camden, N.J. In addition, he has overdrawn his bank accounts by



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\$85,000, is \$226,000 behind in paying his insurance premiums and owes \$182,000 in back taxes.

Since buying the Eagles four years ago, Wolman has become a sports buff, and though he owes \$7,000,000 on his holding, he claims he would not sell the club for \$150 million. Moreover, even while facing financial disaster, he talks of completing one last big real estate project—a \$100 million "city within a city" in Camden, N.J.

MERGERS

New School Try

By the time he was 29, William Colvin had studied economics at Cornell and business administration at Columbia; he had worked for three companies to get seasoning for a career in management. He was doing well at his latest job in the corporate planning department of Olivetti-Underwood Corp., where he was involved in efforts to acquire new companies. Then, one morning, while staring moodily out the window of a New York Central commuter train, Colvin had an idea. Instead of making mergers himself, why not teach other people how to make them?

That inspired train ride has resulted in Corporate Seminars, Inc., a traveling school that instructs puzzled businessmen about the ABCs of mergers and acquisitions. Only one year old, Corporate Seminars has already graduated 700 students, and Colvin expects an enrollment of 2,000 pupils a year very shortly. Last week, following seminars in New York City, Chicago, Los Angeles and Atlanta, Corporate Seminars held classes in Toronto for Canadian businessmen who have also been hit by the urge to merge.

The Right Partner. Colvin says that the basic idea for the school stems from his experiences at Olivetti. There he was involved in a frustrating assignment. Anxious to move rapidly into the lucrative field of office copying ma-

chines, Olivetti decided on a merger to speed up the process. Trouble was, the company found it all but impossible to locate the right partner. The more Colvin pondered this, the more he became convinced that other businessmen were also being held back by what he now calls "uncoordinated efforts." Still others lacked connections with knowledgeable investment-banking firms who could provide merger assistance. And some shied away from the expense of seeking outside help.

On the theory that such businessmen could be taught do-it-yourself merging, Colvin quit Olivetti and enrolled a part-time faculty for Corporate Seminars. His teachers are all experts. Royal Little, retired founder of Textron, Inc., counsels Colvin's students on the pitfalls of getting together. These include such dangers as whether the mercee's inventory is all he says it is and questions such as: How do you handle your own employee reaction if his pension plan is better than yours? Answer: Increase yours if the acquisition costs justify it. David Judelson, president of merger-minded Gulf & Western Corp., discusses financial techniques. Raytheon Chairman Charles Adams explains the most promising methods of making the first venture. Best way: try a direct telephone call to the proposed partner but keep the conversation vague at first. ("Let's see if we have something to talk about.")

Better than Real. Sessions end with "battle tests," in which students use Harvard Business School case studies and take both sides of a merger that other businessmen have already consummated. "The deals arrived at in the workshops," says Columbia Professor Samuel Hayes, who referees the battle tests, "are consistently much better than they were in real life."

Students pay up to \$500 tuition for two to five days of courses, and Colvin expects a profit of \$100,000 this year, much of which he will put back into the venture to keep it growing.

SHIPPING

Follow the Star

When his ship *Valkyrien* foundered on the coast of Scotland in 1883, Danish Captain Peter Maersk Møller thought he saw a seven-pointed star in the sky. Even in that moment of disaster, Møller, an optimist if ever there was one, decided that he had witnessed an omen of good fortune. Apparently he was right: today the family flag, a seven-pointed white star on a light blue field, is known the world over. It flies on 92 freighters, tankers and other vessels of the Maersk Line, over a shipyard and machinery and petrochemical plants, even over a 25,000-acre sugar plantation in Tanzania.

The old stargazer's son, Arnold Peter Møller, founded the firm, and it is named after him. A. P. Møller made the most of his small stake, and in



WILLIAM COLVIN
A bite of the big bit.



SHIPOWNER MØLLER
Seven points on the seven seas.

1904 he was able to buy a second-hand steamer. He parlayed that one vessel into what is now a multimillion-dollar empire. A believer in running a tight ship, A. P. Møller was one of Denmark's richest men when he died in 1965 at the age of 88. He passed the helm of the company to his son, Maersk McKinney* Møller, now 54, who commands his diverse enterprises from an inconspicuous red brick building on King's Square in Copenhagen. Near his desk hangs a world map on which colored magnets chart the day-by-day movements of Maersk Line ships. Says Møller: "What I do is operate a round-the-world bus service."

Shipping rolled up a \$40 million profit for A. P. Møller Co. in 1966, more than 90% of it from abroad. "Working without government support, we must compete with flag preferences and subsidized companies—in reality with foreign governments. But we work hard, we watch our expenses and we try to give service second to none," Møller explains. The system works. This year Maersk ships represented half of the Danish merchant fleet's total tonnage of 4,000,000 tons.

Most of the line's ships are built at Møller's Lindoe shipyard near Odense. Of 54 ships launched there in the past ten years, 31 fly the seven-pointed star. But even without the shipping line, the shipbuilding branch would probably be in the black. The boom that followed the closing of the Suez Canal left order books bulging, with some delivery dates as far ahead as 1970. Eleven ships with more than a 2,000,000-ton capacity are on order at Lindoe, including two 240,000-ton tankers for Esso.

A modest, retiring man, Maersk McKinney Møller credits his success to two things: his grandfather's star and his father's motto: "No detail is too small. No effort too great."

* For his mother, Kentucky-born Chastine Estelle McKinney.



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MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS

Together at Last

Conductor: I want to commend you for coming to all my rehearsals.

Orchestra Member: You're welcome, maestro; I'm only sorry I can't make the concert.

Apocryphal or not, this well-known two-liner has long exemplified the anarchy that is the Parisian orchestra. Symphonic life in Paris has almost always been a laughing matter for the rest of the world. Underfunded, undertalented and underrehearsed, the city's three major, privately backed, week-to-week orchestras (Lamoureux, Colonne and Padeloup) slog through their Sunday afternoon old-hat concerts with all the *esprit de corps* of Napoleon's army after Moscow. Parisian conservatories turn out some of the best instrumentalists in the world, but they have very little incentive to remain at home. Arturo Toscanini once remarked that France could have the best orchestra in the world if it were willing to spend the money.

Last June, France finally decided to spend the money, and last week a major step was taken to prove Toscanini's theory. Financed jointly by the French and Parisian governments, a new orchestra made its debut—not on Sunday afternoon but on Tuesday night. It was obvious before Conductor Charles Munch's first downbeat at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées that the Orchestre de Paris was a striking departure from the Parisian norm. Its 110 members were predominantly young (average age:

35). They were dressed alike in midnight blue Pierre Cardin *tails* with shawl collars and burgundy sashes. And wonder of wonders, they played together, and beautifully, too.

Organized by Marcel Landowski, music director of André Malraux's Ministry of Culture, the Orchestre de Paris chose its members as a *cordon bleu* chef would select truffles. All are conservatory prizewinners, including Bulgarian-born Lubin Yordanoff, 41, who left his first chair in the Monte Carlo National Orchestra to join the Paris group as concertmaster. Fifty-two of its members are from the recently disbanded Paris Conservatory Orchestra, an above-average ensemble in its day. The salary range, high for Paris, runs from \$620 to \$820 a month, counterbalanced by an exclusivity clause in each contract forbidding the players from working with other ensembles.

The opening program was typical of Munch's cautious adventurousness: Berlioz's *Symphonic Fantastique*, Debussy's *La Mer* and Stravinsky's recent, brief *Requiem Canticles*. At 76, Munch brought a remarkably youthful enthusiasm to the podium; and this, as much as anything, may explain the new era of clarity, precision and musicianship re-born in Paris through its new orchestra. As one astounded member noted after a rehearsal, some of the men even take their music home to practice.

POP MUSIC

Swimming to the Moon

"I'm interested in anything about revolt, disorder, chaos, especially activity that has no meaning. It seems to me to be the road to freedom." Thus 23-year-old Jim Morrison states the philosophy behind The Doors, the rock group for which he is the chief songwriter and singer. Not surprisingly, The Doors are based in Los Angeles, where they find their peculiar mysticism perversely congenial. "This city is looking for a ritual to join its fragments," says Morrison. The Doors are looking for such a ritual too—in Morrison's words, "a sort of electric wedding."

The search takes them not only past such familiar landmarks of the youthful odyssey as alienation and sex, but into symbolic realms of the unconscious—eerie night worlds filled with throbbing rhythms, shivery metallic tones, unsettling images. Swim to the moon, they sing, and "penetrate the evening that the city sleeps to hide."

Preaching passion of both the metaphysical and physical order, The Doors have a style at once more plaintive and dramatic than the droning, hypnotic waves of sound poured out by other West Coast groups such as the Jefferson Airplane and Grateful



THE DOORS AT THE FILLMORE
Electric wedding for the fragments.

Dead. They startle and bemuse with a uniquely mournful and moody tone that shades Morrison's dusky voice seamlessly into a dark-textured background: the haunting organ, piano and bass of Ray Manzarek, 24; the sinuous guitar of Robby Krieger, 21; the nimble drums of John Densmore, 22.

When The Doors finally bring off their electric wedding, it may well take the form of a small-scale musical play. The prototype is *The End*, their enigmatic, 11½-minute string of visions apparently revolving around an Oedipus situation, in which Morrison portrays several roles—some behind a red mask. Last week, opening an engagement at San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium, they introduced *The Unknown Soldier*, an antiwar philippic with martial music, shouted commands, the loading click of a rifle and shots mixed in with instrumental passages.

The Doors ultimately envision music with "the structure of poetic drama." Such a forbidding structure could cramp their financial fortunes, which at the moment are wide open: both of their albums, *The Doors* and *Strange Days*, are among the top five on the sales charts; *Light My Fire* has been one of the smash singles of the year. But they don't seem worried, since the more complex forms come closer to fulfilling their apocalyptic imagination. Says Morrison: "We hide ourselves in the music to reveal ourselves."

BANDS

Play It Again, Sam

No, the big bands are not coming back. They probably never will. At least not in the way they flourished 30 years ago, doing up to six shows a day at theaters like Manhattan's Paramount, playing for dancing at spots like the Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle, N.Y., echoing over the radio networks every night from hotel ballrooms across the U.S. All that has been relegated to memory—and to the big-band buffs. These are the forlorn breed of fanatics



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"Buick started off with a classic design and they stayed with it—for good reason. The simple sculptured look was unique at the time and it still is. I'm glad they didn't louse it up by changing it."

Joe Meyer, Stockbroker.

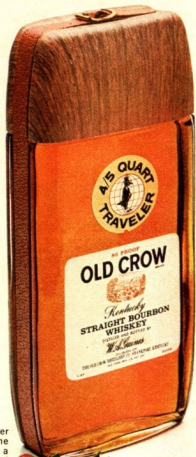
"You can buy a medium-priced car with all the optional extras and suddenly you're paying a price that's almost as much as the Buick Riviera. I was pleased to find Riviera's tilt wheel, power steering and power brakes are standard equipment."

"I think Riviera is a very attractive investment. It should certainly be on anybody's recommended buy list!"
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Trying to find a gift for a man that's going places? Give him the Old Crow Traveler, the sleek new fifth that packs as flat as a shirt. Or give him Old Crow in the traditional round fifth. Either way Christmas is something to Crow about. Smooth, mellow Old Crow. It's like no other. That's why it's the largest selling Bourbon in the world.



TOMMY DORSEY & THE BAND (1948)
More things better than any other.

who can not only instantly identify Artie Shaw's 1940 recording of *Stardust* but can even name the trumpet and trombone soloists on it (Billy Butterfield and Jack Jenney), and who thrive as much on nonmusical nostalgia as on genuine musical connoisseurship.

Such a man is George T. Simon, 55, executive director of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. At Harvard in the early 1930s, Simon was so excited by the Casa Loma Orchestra's flashy beat that he used it as the style for his own college band; later he became a drummer for Glenn Miller, a writer and editor for the old *Metronome* magazine, and a producer for records, radio and TV. Now, drawing heavily on his *Metronome* files, he has packed all he knows about the peak of swing (1935-46) into an encyclopedic volume, *The Big Bands* (Macmillan; \$9.95). Like the zealots of whom and to whom it speaks, the book is cheerfully biased, sometimes repetitive, often superficial—and just as often stirringly evocative of the fervid period when so many groups (Simon mentions some 450) "swung freely and j-youdly," filling listeners with "an exhilarated sense of friendly well-being."

Jealous Rim Shots. Best of them all, says Simon, was Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. Others may have been more creative, hard-driving or distinctive, but, all around, Dorsey's band "could do more things better than any other." At one time or another, it featured such talents as Drummer Buddy Rich and Trumpeter Bunny Berigan, Singers Frank Sinatra and Jo Stafford, Arrangers Paul Weston and Sy Oliver—and, always, the warm, silken trombone of T.D. himself, from whom Sinatra learned most of what he knows about breathing and phrasing.

Dorsey raided other bands so merci-

lessly that one rival, Joe Marsala, wired him: "How about giving me a job in your band so I can play with mine?" Egos clashed within the ranks—Drummer Rich jealously shattered Sinatra's romantic numbers with noisy rim shots until Sinatra exploded and tossed a full water pitcher at him. The touchiest ego of all belonged to the quick-tempered, perfectionist leader. Arrogant, yet gregarious, shrewd at finance, yet at times childlike and yearning for a less complicated life, Dorsey was one of the most powerful and enigmatic personalities of the era.

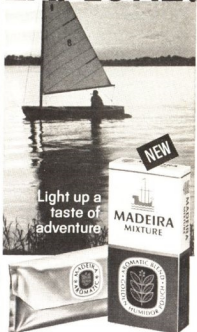
Apart from a probing sketch of Dorsey, Simon provides little that is fresh on such familiar figures as Miller, Benny Goodman, and Duke Ellington, but he gives appropriate recognition to some of the brilliant though now largely forgotten ensembles of the period: the sizzling band headed by tiny, hunchbacked Drummer Chick Webb, featuring Ella Fitzgerald, which triumphed at Harlem's Savoy Ballroom in a 1937 battle of the bands with Goodman's group; the lush, colorfully textured Claude Thornhill band; the showmanlike Jimmie Lunceford unit, whose buoyant two-beat style influenced such latter-day bands as Billy May's; and one of the rare curiosities of big-band history—the 35-piece, all-reed-and-woodwind ensemble of the 1940s fronted by Shep Fields, otherwise an undistinguished leader of ricky-tick commercial groups.

45 Burps. Simon also squarely faces a fact often obscured by sentimental hindsight: a great many bands of the era were inevitably cheap, slick or inept. He quotes Arranger Gordon Jenkins, after an evening of listening to the radio in 1937: "I heard 458 chromatic runs on accordions, 911 'telegaph ticker' brass figures, 78 sliding trombones, four sliding violas, 45 burps into a straw, 91 bands that played the same arrangement on every tune, and 11,006 imitations of Benny Goodman."

Then there was the frantic competition, the whole complex economic side of bandleading that the restless, sensitive Artie Shaw said "just plain stinks." In the end, it was this side that helped kill the bands. World War II changed the U.S. entertainment atmosphere: the draft called away many top musicians, and those who were left traveled less; the musicians' union imposed a ban on recording that lasted two years; ballrooms converted to bowling alleys.

"The girls at home and the boys overseas were equally lonely, equally sentimental," writes Simon. "The time was ripe for the singers, with their more personalized messages. In December 1946, almost a dozen years after Benny Goodman had blown the first signs of life into the big-band bubble, that bubble burst. Inside of a few weeks, eight of the nation's top bands broke up. The world that was once theirs now became the property of their most illustrious graduates—the singers."

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coming of age in Florida, Connecticut and Manhattan, in the midst of a rather eccentric family. It is the most obvious of themes, but Conroy brings it off remarkably well, with an almost archaic narrative skill.

In the scrubby wilds near Fort Lauderdale, he wanders untrammelled through woods and dunes, killing king snakes, munching Powerhouse candy bars. He regards mysteries of life with the eerie moral neutrality of boyhood. "Suddenly two of the birds rush at each other in the air. Quick as a wink, one of them is gone. Swallowed. A single yellow feather drifts down to settle on the moss. I laugh, delighted by the purity of it." In a familiar childhood rite, he discovers the intricate magic of a yo-yo that he has bought from two Oriental itinerant salesmen, and learns the various movements—"walking the dog," "loop the loops" and a dazzling number called "the universe."

As he ages into adolescence, Conroy confronts all its standard humiliations and the ache of sex. Maturing fitfully, he falls in love with reading, then with writing, and tells himself one day: "I'm a novelist! What a beautiful thing to be able to say." To judge from these promising and prismatic memoirs, Conroy will certainly be able to say it before long.

The Wrong Sides of History

DELANO: THE STORY OF THE CALIFORNIA GRAPE STRIKE by John Gregory Dunne. 176 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$4.95.

California contains—along with hippies, think tanks and computerized leisure—a number of anachronisms. From the fall of 1965 until late last year, the vast and verdant San Joaquin Valley was the scene of a farm workers' strike that, in its stark simplicity, seemed to re-tramplé Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*. At issue were no such modern matters as automation and a guaranteed annual wage but merely the right of California's 500,000 fieldworkers, predominantly Mexican-Americans, to unionize.

Scene of the struggle was Delano (pronounced Delayno), a grape-growing city of some 13,000 inhabitants, split by Highway 99 into a west side filled with lo-ball parlors, taco joints and strikers and an east side dominated by "Anglo" growers and indignation. As Author Dunne points out in this admirably dispassionate account of the year-long strike, both camps were on the wrong side of history.

Strike Leader Cesar Chavez, a portly, near-paranoid disciple of Agitator Saul Alinsky, insisted that no Anglos could ever understand the confusion of injustices that his Mexican-American workers had been suffering. Anglo growers maintained that the workers had never had it so good. Both sides were partially right, but when the strikers began firing 4,000 marbles from sling-shots and growers started dusting the

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picket lines with insecticide, right had clearly given way to wrath.

With the aid of unemployed civil rights marchers and militant priests, Chavez, Alinsky & Co. ultimately won their strike. The revolutionary fever was slow to cool. As one union organizer put it afterward: "Success in our business means getting workers to middle-class status. The guy who carried a banner in 1966—well, in five years you're going to have a hard time getting him to a union meeting." It is that mood of inevitability that makes the anachronism of the Delano strike such compelling reading—and the strikers' success such a meaningful victory.

BILLOREN



CHURCHILL & WIFE (1912)

A glowworm, he did believe.

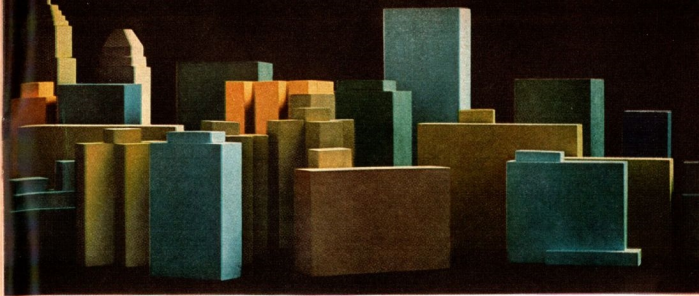
On the Way to Greatness

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL: YOUNG STATESMAN by Randolph S. Churchill. 763 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$10.

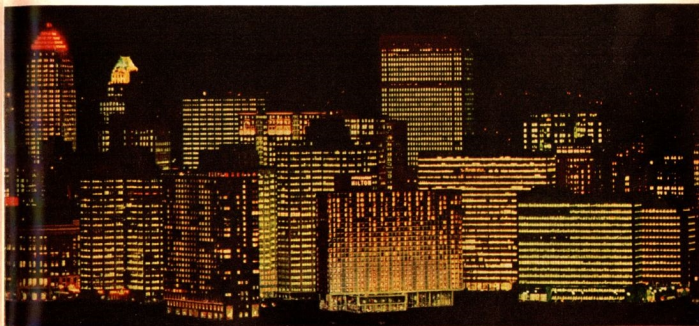
It is hard to imagine that Winston Churchill was ever young. This second volume of Randolph Churchill's five-part biography of his father presents the apprentice statesman, exuberantly flexing the first sinews of power. The book spans only 14 years, opening in 1901 with a brash Churchill of 26 taking his seat on the Tory back bench, and closes on the figure of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Through that distant and serene period, Churchill moved with the insistent and often rude force of a man in a hurry to reach command. "We are all worms," he told Violet Asquith, the Prime Minister's daughter, "but I do believe I am a glowworm."

The natural place to glow was the House of Commons, where, as his biographer observes, Churchill's bulldozing



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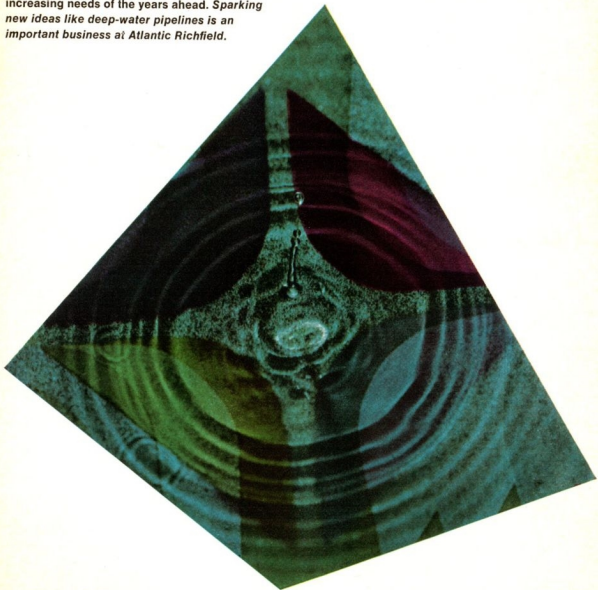
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ascent soon earned him respect and enmity in equal measure: "When he was a backbencher, Churchill had spoken as if he were an Under-Secretary; as Under-Secretary, as if a member of the Cabinet; and when he reached the Cabinet, he was apt to speak as if he were Prime Minister." It is only fair to add that as Prime Minister, he was likely to speak as if he were God.

In 1904, he broke with the Tories over tariffs—Churchill was a free trader—and bolted to the Liberal opposition. The following year, the Liberals were in power. They regarded their new convert with mixed feelings; no one knew whom Winnie would attack next—the Tories, his own Prime Minister or the King. "Winston thinks with his mouth," wrote Asquith testily.

As in the first volume, the biographer is a model of self-effacement, letting the subject tell his own story, largely through documents, memoranda and correspondence, much of it published for the first time. Not once does Randolph Churchill succumb to the temptation to polish off the rough edges of a man who was mostly rough edges. The result is a fascinating, faithful likeness of a man on the way to greatness.

The Slipped Discothèque Or, How to Defy Mortality

THE VALE OF LAUGHTER by Peter De Vries. 352 pages. Little, Brown. \$5.95.

The universe, Novelist Peter De Vries once said, is a safe with the combination locked inside, and he always plays a numbers game, hoping to open it up and get at the inner meaning. It is just as well that the operative click never comes, because when it does, De Vries will stop being desperately funny and become plain desperate. The thing to remember as the puns cascade down the pages is that his characters (and he, too) would rather keep their earthly uncertainties than lose the capacity to keep trying for something better.

Joe Sandwich, the hero of *The Vale of Laughter*, has his own way of saying it: "Well, a man's got to believe something, and I believe I'll have another drink." Joe is the sort who, for the sake of a gag and to be included in a rich uncle's will, names his son Hamilton. And to prove that the block is still for chipping, young Ham Sandwich at eight names a honky-tonk for the middle-aged "The Slipped Discothèque."

Joe, like most De Vries heroes, is a wit who can't get with it—it being the way of the world. Nothing really odd about him, though he does remark that "Christ and the Jews of his time were working at cross purposes." Joe wants to do good, and he tries. But the girl he kept in stitches as a suitor soon gagged on his wit as a wife. When her father took him into his brokerage office, watching the tape made him physically dizzy, and the securities he recommended for widows and orphans



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soon became known as "laughing stocks." When he grins into his stricken father's oxygen tent and says, "My God! You must have a strong heart to stand all this," it is a bravely joshing effort to keep mortality at bay.

When Joe himself leaves his own vale of laughter, it is the result of an unintentional practical joke, played by a friend whose analysis of Joe's humor always kills the joke. What is true of Joe is also true of De Vries: his gags are the defenses of a very serious fellow who has found no better way to fend off the daily slings and arrows.

Weepin' & Woonin' With Rod McKuen

*Once was a time,
in New York's jungle in a tree,
before I went into the world
in search of other kinds of love
nobody owned me but a cat named
Sloopy.*

*Looking back
perhaps she's been
the only human thing
that ever gave back love to me.*

Suppose you wrote these lines one night and instead of tearing them up the next morning took them to a publisher. What would happen? Surely, in the great, big, tough new world of black-and-blue humor, four-letter words, and agonizing alienation, the publisher would throw you out. But then again he might publish the stuff and help you and himself make a mint.

That is more or less what happened to the author of these lines, Rod McKuen, 34, a song lyricist, nightclub troubador, onetime disk jockey and movie juvenile. His two volumes, published by Random House, *Stanyan Street & Other Sorrows* (84 pages) and *Listen to the Warm* (113 pages) have sold more than 100,000 copies in two months, making him one of the bestselling poets in publishing history—and all with sweet love, lonely rumors, silent rain, quiet snow, and lost cats.

Gentle Touch. McKuen's poetry is Edgar A. Guest with a twist of lemon—the sort of thing that lovesick teenagers used to keep locked away in their diaries. One typical lyric:

*Be gentle with me, new love.
Treat me tenderly.
I need the gentle touch,
the soft voice,
the candlelight after nine.*

*There've been so many who
didn't understand*

*so give me all the love I see in your
tired eyes
but give it gently.*

Please.
Sometimes he gets sexy ("I want my thighs to speak your name"), but most-

McKuen's books do not appear on bestseller lists because bookstores do not normally report poetry sales.

Illinois Central bypasses an old bugaboo



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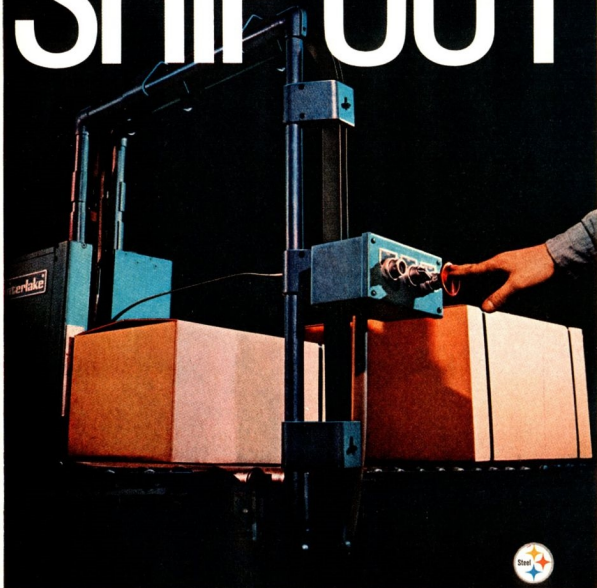
Illinois Central freight trains are getting the green light around Chicago traffic congestion. BRAINFARE has broken the bottleneck. A new faster rail route will soon speed up freight movement between west, east and south. Credit for this bold step goes to a BRAINFARE task force headed by Allen Sams, VP for engineering. Computers figured the job and our new track construction machinery is already in action. To learn more about this never-say-die kind of freight service, get in touch with Howard Powell, our Traffic Vice-President, at 135 E. 11th Place, Chicago, Illinois 60605. His phone is 312-922-4811.

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Who cares if he's up to his neck in a rice paddy, six thousand miles from home?

Who cares if he's lonely, at that frozen Arctic outpost?

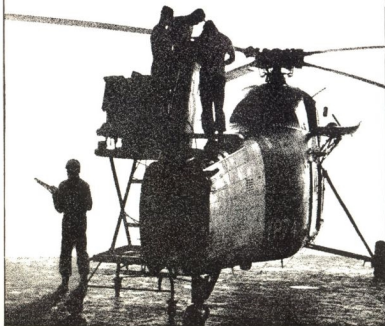
Who cares how he feels, patrolling the barbed-wire edge of danger—Berlin, Korea, Guantanamo Bay?

Who cares what he does, when his ship comes in to that teeming foreign port?

You care, when you give to USO. Because USO is there, bringing the grateful handclasp from home to faraway places. Bringing entertainment and laughter to our loneliest outposts. Offering a choice of conduct in overcrowded cities and camp towns here and overseas.

Is USO needed today? Just ask our 2,300,000 servicemen and women, who visited our 167 clubs and 71 camp shows over 20 million times last year!

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McKuen Recording

Lost cats. Sweet love. What a mint!

ly his thoughts are cellophane-wrapped in a safe sort of melancholy:

*The girl upstairs
 is entertaining again,
 I could set my clock
 by the footfall on the stairs.*

*I see her sometimes,
 coming and going on the stairs
 or going to the market.*

*Sometimes I hear her late at night
 playing sad music
 or walking overhead.
 She smiles in the daytime,
 but not at me.*

Purple Onion. McKuen comes by his melancholia naturally. Born in Oakland, Calif., he never knew his father, took to the road as an impoverished drifter at the age of eleven. At 15, he latched onto a job as a disk jockey with a radio station. One night, while spinning some ballads, he began sobbing over the air about his teen-age love problems. The listeners sobbed along with him, and soon the station set him up as a late-night lovelorn counselor.

After serving in the Korean War, he wept his way into the Purple Onion in San Francisco as a singer, began singing his own songs. In addition to his pair of books, he has made 33 recordings in a raspy but affecting folk-nik voice. His philosophy is about on a par with his poetry: "Maybe if we were a little more honest and did communicate a little better, there wouldn't be a need for late-night talk shows and atom bombs."

Why do people buy his product? As an exercise in camp? Almost certainly not. They seem charmed and disarmed by his sentimentality, his square hipness. What the McKuen phenomenon proves is that, no matter how sophisticated or cynical the times may seem, there is always a vast market for the banal.



After putting in a day at the winery, Great Western's winemaker goes home and makes wine.

Our winemaker moonlights at home, pruning the cuttings he planted last spring in his backyard, that happens to be a vineyard. He doesn't do it for money. He does it for the same reason that's made a lot of us who work at the winery want to have vineyards for gardens and work on our own after work.

Four other wineries share the same soil and climate of our Finger Lakes district in upper New York State. But we like to think that the one thing they don't share with us is our attitude towards our wines. To us, wines aren't just our job, they're our life.

Part of this attitude comes from pure curiosity, some of it stems from the fact that some of our fine native New York State wines—like our Isabella Rosé, Diamond and Delaware—got their start in our

winemaker's backyard. This is the way many new kinds of wines are being developed right now in the backyard vineyards of our managing director and even our public relations man.

Whether we're trying out new wines on our own at home or back

at the winery blending our better-known Burgundy, we're working with grapes that grow nowhere else in the world the way they grow on our hills. For centuries, the warmth from our lakes and the shale in our soil have given the wines of our grapes a warm, open face of a taste that could come from no other climate. Like our gentle Isabella, some of these grapes can stand alone as wines of their own. Others we blend to lend a nice balance to wines like our Burgundy, Claret, Sauterne and Chablis.

Try one of our New York State wines. Like our winemaker and everyone else at Great Western, take our wines for what their tastes tell you they are. And, just as it's been with every other fine wine in the world, the tradition and legend and fame will follow.



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And soon a remarkable thing began to happen.

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We started moving up in the world.

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"You can do it, young fellow,
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